THE ENGLISH REVIEW

MAY, 1935

The King's Jubilee

By the Editor

THE twenty-five years of the reign of King George Vth have been marked by constitutional, political and cultural developments likely to be more far-reaching than any since those accomplished in the reign of Charles I. To our generation, these changes have been overshadowed by the War of 1914–1918 and its diplomatic and economic consequences. These consequences, it is now possible to see, will be far less permanent than had been expected and, to a great extent, desired. Only seventeen years after Armistice the victorious powers are engaged in increasing their own armaments to equal those of Germany and in examining proposals for the re-armament of the rest of their late enemies. The new balance of power is indeed not yet disclosed, and the security of the *régimes* of France, Germany, Italy, Russia, Austria and Yugo Slavia is not so great as to give any necessary permanence to the combinations which seem likely to arise out of the new situation. It is at least clear, however, that the world, during the next twenty-five years, will have to face the task, not of preserving the post-war settlement, but of adjusting itself to the play of the quite different forces which have emerged on the world stage as the result of causes only indirectly attributable to the war. The historian looking back on the reign of King George Vth will therefore be less occupied with the tremendous struggles and anxieties which have filled our own lives, and more interested in the constitutional political and social changes which will so largely determine England's contribution to the balance of forces in the years to come.

LOOKING back on England in 1910 the first thing that strikes all observers, both British and foreign, is the similarity to the England of our own day. To consider appearances and amenities, the motor car and the aeroplane had arrived. London, in 1910, was still full of Hansom cabs, but they were already doomed, and the visions of universal air travel have not been fulfilled. The railway to-day, as in 1910, is the safest, the most efficient and the most comfortable form of land transport for men and goods, and the great liners, which were being planned in 1910, represent now, as then, the latest development of comfort and speed in ocean travel. The *Olympic*, the sister ship of the ill-fated *Titanic*, is still in commission; the *Mauretania* made her last voyage this year. The *Queen Mary* will represent a qualitative advance but no clear gain in comfort or speed and a clear loss in economic efficiency. The development of flying has, of course, been far more marked, but its contribution to the general level of amenities is negligible. The aeroplane has proved itself, within limits, as an economic and efficient instrument for police work in frontier warfare, and, if we accept the views of Captain Lidden Hart, and they are not lightly to be disregarded, as a weapon of offence against military objectives in war-time, it may prove decisive. As a means of peaceful communication it is the plaything of rich business men, frightened politicians and absconding financiers.

ENGLAND is better dressed, better fed, and better housed than in 1910. Silken dalliance, thanks to the march of science, is now for the million, and the disappearance of the well-dressed man has removed yet another superficial class distinction. As for feeding, the percentage of under-nourished school children has fallen from 10 per cent. in 1910 to less than 1 per cent. to-day. A politician looking for votes would not, however, be well advised to speak too loudly or too long of the

march of social progress if he were speaking in the North of England. If we have solved the problem of underfeeding, the problem of unemployment and adult destitution is far more formidable than it was. Those in regular employment are far better off. The number of those not in regular employment has very greatly increased. The result, as far as appearances go, is to conceal a very real measure of progress, and to confront the casual observer with the same contrast of light and shade that he would have noted in 1910.

LONDON is growing upwards as well as outwards, but even here the change had begun 25 years ago, and has continued along lines already determined. The great changes are not in the buildings or the streets, but in the lives and character of those who occupy them. The country side near the great towns has been ruined by arterial roads and ribbon development—a bye product of the development of motoring as a sport and, as far as the South of England is concerned, of the flight of business from the highly rated Northern manufacturing towns. The only changes in the country itself are those due to the changed character of the ownership of the country houses and agricultural properties, and the steady fall, not yet arrested, in the number engaged in agriculture. One paradoxical result of the improvement of communications may be noted. The motor cycle and the omnibus have brought the town within reach of the village and might have been expected to have made village life more attractive by making it less isolated. In practice the effect has been to make the younger generation more, and not less, discontented with country life. The tendency to move from country to town is only checked, but not arrested, by the heavy urban unemployment.

TO add to the very striking similarity in the general appearances of life in 1910 and to-day is the very

remarkable fact that, alone of all the great Powers, save one, our political system is unchanged, and alone of all the great Powers we are governed still by pre-war politicians. By mere accident Mr. Baldwin played no prominent part in politics before 1916, but there is no post-war figure of importance on our political stage with the exception of Mr. Anthony Eden. To set against the powerful if sombre figures of Stalin, Hitler, Mustapha Kemel and Mussolini and President Roosevelt, we have Mr. Oliver Stanley and Mr. Hore-Belisha. The contrast is striking rather than reassuring. Even to English ears the names of Sir John Simon, Mr. Runciman, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Lloyd George, Sir Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, Lord Snowden, Lord Salisbury and Lord Ponsonby have an historical rather than a topical appeal. They speak in accents not attuned in any way to the mind of contemporary Europe, or even, it may be fancied, to the mind of English youth. For beneath the *façade* of old men, old habits, old appearances, and old institutions, the twenty-five years of King George's reign have seen the beginnings of portentous changes.

ALL that is left of our national pride and national determination is centred on Windsor not on Westminster. The sovereign is not the titular, but the real leader of the nation in 1935. Alone of all those who have played their part in the tremendous struggles and conflicts of the reign, King George has emerged with an enhanced popularity, and a still more strongly enhanced prestige. Constitutional and political changes, and most notably the Statute of Westminster and the break-up of the old party system, have greatly increased the responsibilities of the Crown. On the Crown depends the whole structure of Empire and the possibility of salvation for the Parliamentary system. The progressive relaxation of social standards also finds its only and fortunately

stubborn barrier in the person and traditions of the reigning Sovereign. Indeed, the eclipse of pride and dignity in other high places finds a challenge from the common people in their notably increased affection for and loyalty to the Throne. It may please some to see in the nation's homage to King George on the occasion of his Jubilee a challenge to extremists of all shades of opinion, a celebration of the triumph of British moderation, "our loyal passion for our temperate Kings." Others, perhaps, more wisely if less complacently, will see in our contemporary rejoicings the heartfelt tribute of a nation by no means well at ease to the one figure in our public life who has sacrificed no principle and evaded no responsibility and has not hesitated to assert and to maintain the dignity of the oldest and greatest of British institutions.

THE great political change of the reign has not been, as some foolishly say, the emergence of Labour as a political force, but the growing divorce between the political classes and the nation. We are on the verge instead of establishing a political caste. It is in the House of Commons and the higher ranks of the public services that the hereditary principle is to-day entrenched. Men of individuality and integrity find their political career, if at all, in the House of Lords, which has increased its prestige; while the House of Commons has declined with extraordinary rapidity in public esteem. This view of the House of Commons is shared by its leading members, who, when they are not rushing in a panic-stricken procession round Europe looking for a policy, or shrieking hysterically about their domestic virtues, are engaged with ostentatious humility in creating that non-political state which they profess to abhor. By taking this, that and the other "out of politics," by subsidies and controls, and by a steady increase in the deadweight of taxation on industry and

property, they are building an elaborate system which increasingly denies the possibility of free change, and in so denying diminishes every day the area of self government and self-determination. That the English system, which absurdly declares as its aim the preservation of the system of private enterprise, has no object outside itself, is the only thing likely to differentiate English State capitalism, as it is developing, from the picturesque versions of the same tyranny which are popular on the Continent. The differentiation is one which denies us the benefits of the ethical state while depriving us as surely if not as swiftly as the Russian or Italian Dictatorships of our political and economic liberties. The system has produced great economic changes, some good and some bad, but the political and social results are likely to be less dubiously unsatisfactory.

THE one clear gain has been the assertion of certain material standards of life as the minima which decency and justice require. In this respect State capitalism has turned its back on the crime of the older system of finance-capitalism which it has replaced. Unfortunately State capitalism has done no more than assert these standards; it has failed altogether to assure them; it has led to a notable increase in the standard of living for a majority of skilled labour but to an equally notable increase in unemployment and in destitution. These evils have been diminished by the wiser financial policy and the fiscal reforms of the present Government, but they have not been conquered. Even if the system is capable of conquering them, which there is some reason to doubt, it is inherently unstable because of its political and social consequences.

THE world is not getting larger, but smaller. It is not moving towards internationalism, but towards an increasingly narrow separatism, which is not only

destroying empires and disrupting federations but even challenging the structure of nationality itself. State capitalism, with its concurrent lobbying and bargaining by interests, divides society not horizontally, like the old finance-capitalism, but vertically. Class war, so far as it ever became a reality, is over. The fight of interests grows, and the whole tendency of the new politico-economic structure is for apparently self-contained blocks of capital and labour to contract out of the political community, entrench themselves behind walls of monopoly, and exploit the consumer in their own interests under the guise of public service. These entrenched interests and groups have power without responsibility. The effect of its exercise may be beneficial both to the groups and the community, but, at a pinch, it will be the community which will suffer, and as the reserves of capital are squandered and the contraction of the area of new enterprise proceeds, the time must inevitably come when the rationalized monopolies, rings, cartels and controlled industries will have, instead of receiving subsidies, to bear the whole burden of financing the public services, paying interest on the debt and maintaining the unemployed.

MEANWHILE the pressure of the interests on the State will increase remorselessly. It is sometimes imagined that the great political cleavage of the new dispensation, that between the tax-receiving and the tax-paying classes is a class distinction. It is, of course, nothing of the kind. It is a cleavage of interests, and shareholders, property owners, administrators and financiers are, like wage earners, to be found in both camps. The result is already seen in the pursuit of "trade agreements" by diplomacy in place of the old-fashioned agreements for peace, good order and government, and in the growth of pacifism, which reflects not cowardice or selfishness in the individuals concerned but the triumph of the sectional over the national point of view. Mean-

while, the triumph of large-scale organization denies the possibility of economic independence and real freedom to an increasing majority of the population. It is inevitable in the circumstances that the energies of this increasing majority should be directed to exerting pressure on the community for bigger and bigger guarantees. To this pressure an answer has yet to be found. It will not be provided by any system which, like the present, denies both liberty and equality.

THIS denial is reflected in the fall of the birth rate and the increasing pursuit of leisure as an end. People to-day forget the meaning of the word re-creation. It should, of course, mean the re-invigorating of our minds and bodies with a view to their normal and proper employment on some task of creative activity. No other form of life can give any satisfaction, as is obvious to anyone who studies the jaded appetites and sterile minds of the crowds who rush about in cheap cars looking for amusement. Unfortunately, the emptiness of this futile quest, while painfully obvious to those with the means to indulge it, is not by any means clear to those working on a bare subsistence minimum, with no possibility of passing from the statusless class of the employee into any occupation conferring status. The result is a demand from all classes for shorter hours—a demand with which it is impossible not to sympathize but which is at once difficult to concede, and certain, if conceded, to prove unsatisfying.

THE increasing hold of the large-scale organization on modern life has another paralyzing effect on modern life. Unable to see our way out of the New World, we flatter our vanity by talking vaguely of evolution, as a natural force controlling our destinies and shaping our ends. This denial of freewill will have, if it grows upon us, a powerful influence on our national character. Happily, we still retain our sense of humour, and our

capacity for distrust of speculators and prophets. Those who hope that we shall slide by easy and undignified stages into the obscurity of a second-class power will surely be disappointed. This month's celebrations should have another and more inspiring meaning.

THEY should mean for each one of us a determination to be worthy of our history and our institutions, a determination which is only worth anything if it implies —as true loyalty must—a willingness to make sacrifices. The facile doctrine of political evolution denies the need for sacrifices, for saying unpleasant things to ourselves and our neighbours, for choosing the difficult rather than the popular course. The Monarchical institution, on the other hand, is in itself the assertion of the absolute validity of those principles of justice, morality and government on which civilization depends. Rival politicians may differ about policies and may leave the decision to the people, but the authority of government and of the judiciary alike derive from the Crown. It is not Parliament, but the Crown in Parliament which is sovereign. Indeed, it is far truer to say, in the light of the crisis of 1931, that the survival of Parliament is due to influence of the Crown than that the Crown remains by reason of the loyalty of Parliament, though that is, happily, undoubted. The Jubilee Celebrations come at an important stage in our history, and serve to remind us that no institutions under the Crown can merit survival unless they assist the Crown in maintaining the authority of Government and the purity of justice. The popular enthusiasm to celebrate the Jubilee proves that it is not the public at large which needs to be reminded of this. The reminder is being addressed this month by the people to the politicians.

LET us therefore, as a Jubilee resolution, decide to take our politics more seriously. We are celebrating twenty-five years of great peril and endurance, of much

social progress, of unparallelled expansion in our resources for the production and distribution of goods. Our political machinery alone remains unchanged in the new age. The result is that we have the evils of increasing organization without its order, and the chaos of individualism without its freedom. We have assumed dictatorial powers without a reserve of dictators, and preserved cumbrous forms of popular government without enlisting the co-operation of the people. If we are to be worthy of our destiny we must as a nation return to the study of politics, which is the art of government, not the science of administration. We must also remember the lesson of all our history, that men dictate the shape of events, and that history itself can never be dismissed as a process of evolution.

YOU CAN BE

SURE OF

SHELL

John Nash

By Douglas Goldring

ON May 13th, 1835, John Nash, the architect to King George IV, died at East Cowes Castle in his 83rd year. The *Annual Register*, recording this event, observed that "as a speculative builder, this gentleman amassed a large fortune; but as an architect, he did not achieve anything that will confer upon him lasting reputation." The Nineteenth Century was tired of the Eighteenth. Nash was soon utterly forgotten and although the Victorians loved their gay and sunny Regent Street they never gave a thought to the man who created it. Even in architectural circles Nash was only remembered as an awful warning. "Stucco is sham" said the Lord, speaking with the voice of Mr. Ruskin, and everyone accepted this pronouncement with reverence. Plasterers sank in the social scale and stone-workers and bricklayers were regarded with a new respect as craftsmen. By the time the Crown leases began to expire the official view was that the architecture of Regent Street was trumpery and worthless and that its demolition and replacement would be both an æsthetic and a financial gain to the nation. Mr. Norman Shaw, when consulted by the Commissioners for Crown Lands, does not appear to have said anything to alter this opinion, and the idea that he might not be able to improve upon his predecessor does not seem to have struck him. He drew up plans for the rebuilding of Piccadilly Circus and the Quadrant and as an example of what he could do when he really tried, he produced the Piccadilly Hotel. This achievement, together with the final destruction of Nash's masterpiece roused a belated outcry of protest (Londoners only became "architecture-conscious" after their best-loved buildings have been irrevocably demolished.) By an odd chance it was the destruction of his principal work which revived interest in the personality of its creator. Regency architecture began to enjoy a vogue, which has not yet reached its height. The movement was greatly

aided by an admirable volume called "Good and Bad Manners in Architecture," published in 1924, by Mr. A. Trystan Edwards, F.R.I.B.A., in which the author hailed Nash as the greatest London architect since Wren and gave the reasons for his view in terms which the layman could understand. Nash's genius lay in his profound understanding of London and in his capacity to think and plan on large lines. He found it a confused, unplanned jumble of bricks and mortar and left it a metropolis, with the dignity and coherence of a great capital. He was a courtier and a man of the world and his long experience as a country house architect enabled him to reflect the taste of the aristocracy of his time, even their attitude towards life, with complete success. His great shopping thoroughfare was designed as an agreeable scenic background for the people who used it. It had elegance and charm. The new Regent Street differs from the old as much as a Total Abstainer's Meat Tea differs from dinner at Quaglino's. It is stridently commercial and also curiously provincial in feeling. It is unfortunate for the reputation of Norman Shaw, who was in many ways a "better architect" than Nash, that he also was in essence a provincial, with no feeling for London and no imaginative response to its appeal. His vast hotel is an alien monster in our midst and perhaps expresses a Lowlander's contempt for what he may have considered the opulent vulgarity of the metropolis.

If Nash fell into oblivion after the death of George IV, largely because the Duke of Wellington had refused to allow him to be created a baronet, he was such a prominent figure during the lifetime of his Royal patron that one might suppose that the details of his life would be available in histories, memoirs and works of reference. Such, however, is not the case. Singularly little was known about him before the welcome appearance, in the year of the centenary of his death, of Mr. John Summerson's "John Nash. Architect to King George IV" (Allen and Unwin. 10/6). As Mr. Summerson observes,

"in the years when a complete and intimate memoir could have been written, nobody had the sympathy or curiosity to write it." So low had Nash's stock fallen that even the *Encyclopedia Brittanica*—that strange compendium of up-to-date knowledge and out-of-date values—makes no mention of him. The word "Regency" to-day immediately suggests the style of architecture with which Nash's name is chiefly associated, and the only valuable quality for which the Regent is still remembered to-day is his love of building and the "Metropolitan Improvements" effected during his reign.

No one associates him with either Trafalgar or Waterloo, except in jest. Nobody of adult intelligence cares much about his tangles with women: his taste in dress he borrowed from Brummell. He was half-mad, but his mania took one praiseworthy form, wholly proper in a monarch—he was interested in the appearance of his capital, in palaces, in monuments, and had the luck or judgment to employ Nash to carry out his wishes. It may seem scarcely credible, but in not one of the recent biographies of King George IV which I have examined is Nash accorded even passing mention.

If Nash has had to wait a long time for a biographer he has, at least, been singularly fortunate in the one he has at last found. Mr. Summerson's book is an admirable achievement, alike from the professional, the historical and the literary standpoint. As a pioneer he has had to do an enormous amount of patient research and to combine the qualities of the detective with those of the biographer and critic. His subject has well repaid him for his labours for the character revealed in his pages is one of fascinating interest.

Nash was born in London in September, 1752. His father belonged to a yeoman family, settled in Kent between Sevenoaks and Farningham, and was an engineer and mill-wright by profession. His mother was a Welshwoman. He received his early architectural training in the office of Robert Taylor, who, among other

important works, designed Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn.

"As a pupil of Taylor he had as good a start in architecture as he could have wished," says Mr. Summerson, "and he might well have anticipated success; but architecture, now and all thorough his life, was for him only part of a much bigger, more ambitious, and more rewarding field of action. It was the whole field, not any one part of it, which engaged him. His mind was not formed for concentration on abstract problems of design; designing sometimes amused but never engrossed him, and the architectural values for which he had any real feeling were few. Neither architecture alone, nor engineering, nor finance, nor the law, would have satisfied him, though he might have succeeded in any of them. He liked, above all, to be at the centre of gravity of a big undertaking, juggling with manifold responsibilities. It was not self-dramatization; the essence of his point of view was to feel the reins in his hand, not to see himself in the saddle."

After an unsuccessful start in London as a speculative builder, Nash retired to Wales and established himself in Carmarthen. His first important commissions were for the three gaols of Carmarthen, Cardigan and Hereford. Later, in association with Humphry Repton, the landscape gardener, he built up an important country-house practice and finally established himself once more in London. By the time when he first became associated with the Prince Regent he was already approaching sixty and he remained at work until he was nearly eighty. He was a generous patron of the arts, had many friends and entertained lavishly, both in his palatial house in Regent Street and at East Cowes Castle. In the course of his town-planning operations, so enthusiastic was he to see his schemes put through that on several occasions he advanced large sums of money to avoid delay. "If all his proposals had been carried out," Mr. Summerson reminds us, "'Nash's London' would have borne a far

wider meaning than it does. Even as things are, we are apt to forget that Trafalgar Square was part of his planning, simply because the buildings in it were not by him. Had the square in front of the British Museum been formed, Bloomsbury would have had a magnificent public centre; the Museum, moreover, would have established satisfactory relationships with central London, instead of being merely ' in a street off Tottenham Court Road,' as it is to-day.

Nash's achievement as a town-planner is his paramount claim to the attention of posterity. He grasped the essentials of town-planning as nobody else had done; he grasped, without effort or conscious search, the social, as well as the economic and æsthetic aspects. The real cause of his success lay in this: that he was not only an architect, but a man of the world, a Londoner who had known his town in poverty and wealth, failure and success; as a carpenter and as a courtier. He was a man who lived his life adventurously and to whom human relationships were more important for their multiplicity and variety then for their intrinsic value. Everything essential to the pattern of contemporary life found some counterpart in his experience; he was a Londoner first, a courtier second, an artist third."

Mr. Summerson adds this final estimate, with which few will disagree. " Nash stands on the threshold of modern town-planning; not as a pioneer, but as a personality emerging naturally from a concurrence of historical phenomena. His point of view was not that of a man who saw farther than his generation; he was most essentially of his generation, and he stands at the end of a tradition rather than the beginning. Modern town-planning is a process of analysis leading to a corresponding synthesis; Nash, remote as he was from the scientific departmentalism of to-day, had something of the objectivity which a modern town-planner must have if his work is to be real and effective. This he achieved, not as a student, a philosopher, or a technician, but as an

immensely able adventurer. That is why his life and his works are inseparable in any consideration of his achievement."

Thanks to Mr. Summerson's brilliant work Nash must in future take the prominent place, which he so clearly deserves, in any portrait gallery of eminent Englishmen. It is to be hoped that one result of this book will be that the Crown authorities will stay their destructive hands and spare us Carlton House Terrace and the Terraces in Regent's Park. It is to be hoped also that the municipal authorities in Brighton and Hove will not outrage public opinion by permitting the Regency character of their towns to be destroyed. There are alarming rumours that the Hove terraces, and even parts of the Pavilion itself, are threatened.

The Workers' Paradise—from the Inside

By F. Britten Austin

IN my article last month, I published a number of translated excerpts from the Russian papers, showing how fallacious are the grandiose claims made for the Soviet transportation system. The following pages will shed an equally revealing light upon the conditions of industry generally, and it should again be remembered that this is criticism from within, engendered by nothing more malicious than a natural irritation at the lack of relation between promise and performance.

The journal *Za Indoustrialisatziou*, 6 April, 1934, likewise emits a wail:—

> "Statistics concerning the production of consumption-goods during the months of January and February permit one to arrive at a sad conclusion; the production of consumption-goods continues to play the rôle of laughing-stock in the system of the Commissariat for Heavy Industry. Until halfway through March, the Central Office for Metallic Objects possessed no information on the production of consumption-goods for the simple reason that the formula for the statistics had been mislaid somewhere. . . .
>
> The programme of production for the first quarter fixed the value at 210 million roubles; during January and February the value of 98·9 millions was produced, equivalent to 67·1 per cent. of the Plan. . . . Now, the Plan prescribed the necessity of doubling production. Under-production has been especially considerable in zinc goods, 25·8 per cent.; scythes, 11·6 per cent.; sewing-machines, 47·6 per cent., etc.
>
> One can realize the methods of work employed by the Central Office for Metallic Objects when one recalls the unfortunate adventure concerning the supply of scythes and sickles at harvest time last

year. There was then a flagrant deficit of these 'complicated utensils.' In consequence, it was decided considerably to increase the production of scythes and sickles. One might expect that the Central Office for Metallic Objects, taught by this sad experience, would try to follow, at least superficially, the proper manner of carrying out this essential task. But ten days ago, the Office possessed no information concerning the production of these utensils. Sad picture!

. . . Their officials get exasperated, do not know what to do, and dissimulate their impotence behind the screen of 'the formula gone astray.' It is a total lack of *savoir-faire* and of the sense of responsibility in the execution of the most important order, from the political and economic point of view, formulated by the 17th Congress of the Party."

Tut! Tut! On 30 March, *Za Indoustrialisatziou* had been indignant over another matter:—

"The chiefs of the building-material industry in the Kharkov region were recently afraid that they would not be able to dispose of their reserve of bricks. Now, at the moment when the building season opens, there is not a single brick in their depôts. . . .

The financial situation of the building-material factories is very precarious. At the beginning of the year, they had only 336,000 roubles of working capital (instead of 2,500,000 roubles which they needed), whilst their debts amounted to 2,800,000 roubles. Such are the results of their really revolting work in 1933.

The Building-Materials Trust does not even dispose of a hundred roubles to send out recruiters of labour. The factories are short of 5,000 workmen, and up to 20 March, they have not received a single one.

As to fuel, instead of 8,300 tons which they should have at the beginning of the season, the

factories only possess 900 tons, that is to say, 11 per cent.

The season has not yet commenced, but all the conditions are there to provoke fluidity of labour. Wages are not paid to the workmen, the workmen's dwellings are far from being in order, no beds, no linen, etc. . . ."

This "fluidity of labour"—in other words, the mass desertion of workers from their jobs in the illusory hope of finding better conditions elsewhere—is one of the great worries of the supermen of the Five Year Plan. It is almost impossible to train and keep skilled workers, despite a myriad restrictive and penal decrees.

A vignette from *Pravda*, 21 March, 1934:—

"'I'm having trouble over tractor-mechanics,' said the chief of the Tarassovski *sovkhoz* (State farm), in the central region. 'I need at least 300 and I have only 41.'

'What are you going to do about it?'

'We're arguing the matter. But one can't count on the management of our Trust. . . .'

. . . Each year, tens of thousands of roubles are spent in training these specialists, and each year there is a shortage. In May last year, the *sovkhoz* received 218 tractor-mechanics, in December there were 127, and on 10 March there were only 41. Things are no better with the combine-mechanics; at least 50 are needed, they have only 14.

"There is nothing to be astonished at in this. The workmen's dwellings are merely centres of infection: no mattresses, no blankets, no sheets, no pillows. Not a single chair, not a single table. The workers' quarters have only one lantern, broken, and that has no oil."

As for agriculture, here are a few extracts from the important *Socialistitcheskoe Semledelie* (Socialist Agriculture) of various dates:—

The courtyard of the Rudnianski motor-station,

in the Western region, is a vast cemetery of machines. Ploughs, wheels, spare parts are thrown pell-mell in the grass, in the mud, and in pools of water. The cemetery abuts on a garage where six machines are heaped in a corner. . . . A magneto is trodden into the wet clay.

Complete abandonment, revolting negligence. Remark that the workmen going to the canteen pass every day in front of the garage and stumble over the spare parts strewn about. . . . Children play among the débris and take away valuable objects.

'All that's nothing,' observes Comrade Kovalev, director of the station. 'If you saw what happened last spring!'

Let facts speak for themselves. Two years ago they possessed eight 'United' tractors in good condition; three of them were thrown on the scrap-heap in the Spring 1933, the five others are completely mutilated. The 27 'Fordsons' and the 'Monarchs' are smashed." 28 October, 1933.

"Any day now snow is expected in the Khopior basin. However, the majority of the *kholkhozes* of the region have not made any provision to garage the machines. Your correspondent's visit to scores of *kholkhozes* establishes irrefutably the nonchalance and irresponsibility of the directors. Machines are dispersed in the fields, on the threshing floors, in the village streets. No sheds have been built for the machines. Frequently, we noticed a plough, a harrow, a seeder abandoned on the scene of work, nose down in the last furrow. At the Aguichevski *kholkhoz* the machines are scattered everywhere in the fields and in the streets; the members of the *kholkhoz* stumble over the harrows. The same thing in the *kholkhoz* 'Red October,' where costly seeders are left in the open air.

The directors of the Krasnianski *kholkhoz* walk around stumbling against machines scattered all

over the village. Reapers, harrows, seeders, binders are covered with rust." 28 November, 1933.

In another column of the same date :—

"At the tractor-station of Berditchev, the roofs of the sheds where the tools are stored let the rain through. And even then, only a half of the tools have been brought into the sheds.

At the 'Lenin' *kholkhoz*, which is classed 'advanced-guard,' the seeders have been abandoned on the fields. The same fate has befallen the mattocks with which beetroots have been dug. . . .

At the *kholkhoz* 'The Red Road' the blades of the harvesters are covered with rust. . . . In the seed-boxes of the seeders rats have taken up their abode. . . .

At Chargorodski motor-station, the motors pass the winter under the stars. . . .

The Volotchissk tractor-station, Vinnitza district, is well equipped with machines; it possesses 36 tractors, 12 automobiles, 17 motors, etc. But nobody worries about taking care of all this material. Several automobiles of new construction, for example, are abandoned on waste ground. . . . The machines are abundantly watered by the rain, and underneath the mud invades them up to their radiators. Winter approaches. In a few days the tractors will come in from the fields and will need shelter. But the station does not possess even a simple shed which can offer protection to all these complicated and costly mechanisms."

Obviously quite a lot of these machines are going to need repair. Here is a picture of a repair-shop from *Socialist Agriculture*, 11 December, 1933 :—

"The repair-shop of the Balandino tractor-station has a heavy task : it must ensure the repair of tractors belonging to three stations. . . .

A cold wind blows through broken panes. It invades the shop where the pieces of tractors to be

repaired lie covered with frost. Although wearing gloves, the hands of the mechanics are numb with cold. There is no heating. There was an attempt, it is true, to install central heating, but the only positive result was to damage the premises. As for the furnaces necessary for the repairs, there is no outlet for the smoke, which spreads everywhere. The floor is filthy. . . . The forge is in no way equipped for the winter work laid down in the Plan. During the first half of November, it was necessary to repair 15 seeders and 20 ploughs; but even to-day work has not yet been started—' for lack of a nomenclature of the repairs.' "

On 17 March, 1934, *Socialist Agriculture* is still perturbed over the repair of tractors :—

" The check-up of the quality of repairs of tractors accepted by the motor-stations sounds the signal of alarm. The technical inspectors of the Commissariat for Agriculture have sent back 2,000 tractors to be repaired again.

In the motor-station of the Aktubinsk region, faulty repairs have been effected on 110 tractors, in Ukraine on more than 600, and in the Dnieper region on more than 350. These alarming figures indicate bad work in mass, and the really criminal manner in which the representatives of the stations accept repaired tractors. . . ."

Livestock apparently fares no better than the machines in the rural idyll of the Soviet Union, if one may believe *Socialist Agriculture* of 20 October, 1933 :—

" Here are horses, tens of horses. But in what a state ! Their shoulders, their necks are sore. Their gums are covered with ulcers, their eyes stream.

These horses belong to the *kholkhozes* attached to the Ekaterinenskaia motor-station. Every horse is overworked, without rest, the whole year through.

The Vrajski *kholkhoz* possesses 167 horses, of

which 109 have their shoulders completely flayed. In the Etkarski *kholkhoz*, of 103 horses, 52 are totally worn out. As to the Voskressenski *kholkhoz*, all its animals are worn out, incapable of rendering the least service. In the stables, there is nothing but filth and disorder. The horses are abandoned to their fate."

On 5 December, 1933, *Socialist Agriculture* continues its campaign :—

". . . With hay it is the same as with straw; it remains always piled in the meadows. The carters go and fetch what they need at their good pleasure. If they don't feel inclined for the trip, the horses can go without.

There is no order in the use of forage. It is spent without control, without supervision. Each time the peasant goes for a cartload, he never misses stealing a few armfuls for himself. Nobody worries to see whether the horse of the *kholkhoz* will get his portion of hay, but never will the cow, which is 'individual property,' go short."

Peasants collectivized in the *kholkhozes* have the right to retain one cow as their own, but no other animal. Here is another little rural genre-picture from *Socialist Agriculture*, 11 December, 1933 :—

"Ivan glanced through the frosted pane.

'Here come some people from our *kholkhoz*,' he said.

'How do you known they are ours?'

'I can tell it by the sleigh-shafts. If the shafts don't fit the horses, that means they are ours.'

Ivan was right. They are indeed members of the second brigade. But why do their sleigh-shafts make everybody laugh? It is because the sleighs 'don't belong to anybody.' Everybody uses them, harnesses in now one pair of horses, now another. In both cases the shafts are ridiculous, too long for the first pair and too short for the second.

As for the carts of the *kholkhoz*, their fate is just as sad. Nobody thinks of putting them under cover, of greasing them. Why? Once more, because 'they don't belong to anybody.' . . .

The harness has no better fate. Nothing astonishing in that; when the shafts stick out half a metre beyond the horse's head, the harness is soon worn out.

Someone proposed one day to clean the harness-pads with hot water. The stableman protested violently.

'Don't be foolish! The felt of the pads holds together only because of the mud. If you take off the mud, the felt will go, too!'

'That isn't harness, it's just tatters,' approves a comrade.

Perfectly exact. But quite recently it was brand new harness."

As all the world knows, the Soviet officials make a great play with statistics. *Molot* (The Hammer), of Rostov-on-the-Don, 11 June, 1933, flashes a spotlight on the agricultural statistics. It is speaking of the *kholkhoz* "The Red Ploughman":—

". . . Hardly 25 per cent. of the ground has been cleared of weeds. But the chiefs of the *kholkhoz* know what to do . . . they have their own method of weeding. The president of the *kholkhoz*, Avdeïev, has only to whisper a word to the secretary, Bagrov. The latter, without a lift of the eyebrows, will complete the returns as they should be. At the district committee of the Party, 'The Red Ploughman' *kholkhoz* is inscribed in the front rank for the rooting up of weeds.

But if Avdeïev and Bagrov marked 50 per cent. instead of 25 per cent., the statistical department of the Agricultural Office of the district raises this figure to 98 per cent. Nobody thinks of verifying.

This systematic faking is practised not only by 'The Red Ploughman,' it is the current procedure at

the Agricultural Office of the district of Stavropol. Swollen statistics sent in by the chiefs of the *kholkhozes*, and further swollen by the Office of the district, receive the routine approbation of the Party Committee, which sends them on to higher authority."

Another little sketch from *Socialist Agriculture*, 30 November, 1933 :—

"On the double doors of the granary hangs a padlock weighing 10 kilos or so, pride of Comrade Maximov, storekeeper of the 'Ilitch' *kholkhoz*. The inspector pushes with his foot, the doors fall in. . . .

The quantity of grain heaped there is unknown. Nobody has thought either of weighing or measuring it. The grain has not been winnowed and is full of all sorts of waste matter. The seed-oats are of very bad quality, and, according to the inspector, half of all the grain cannot be used for sowing."

When the grain becomes bread, it is apparently by no means above suspicion, if one is to believe *Pravda*, 2 April, 1934 :—

"The depôts of the milling combination of Ekaterinoslav contain 15,000 sacks of flour mingled with coal-dust. The fault is due to the railroads which loaded wheat into cars previously used for the transport of ores and coal, and neglected to sweep them out."

The next day, 3 April, 1934, *Pravda* has another story :—

"The Soviet of the town of Samara proceeded to the inspection of the bread factories. They tasted the flour and spat it out with disgust. The flour delivered by Mill No. 5 contained a mixture of iron filings."

However, perhaps even bad bread is better than no bread at all. Again *Pravda* speaks, in its issue of 8 May, 1934 :—

"At the commencement of the month of April,

the Editors of *Pravda* sent to the political section of the Southern Railroad a complaint from the workman Kovalenko, who alleged revolting facts. He said that the workmen of the Gotnaia station had not received their ration of bread for three days.

A week later, the political section of the Third District solemnly informed the Editors of *Pravda* that the facts were exact, but that, thanks to the intervention of the political section, the revictualment of Gotnaia Station had again become regular. But the triumph was of short duration. On 3 May, 1,000 transport workers and their families were left without bread.

The Editors expect that more rigorous measures shall be taken by the political section."

Life has these little uncertainties in the Soviet paradise. Here is a case reported by *Trud* (Work), the organ of the Soviet Trades Unions, 10 May, 1934 :—

" The workers of the Stalingrad agency of the Trust ' Timber of the Kama ' had paid advances for their provisionment in potatoes. These advances varied from thirty to fifty roubles. But not a potato arrived, and Comrade Kurnaiev ordered the cashier to repay the workers their advances.

' What are you thinking about? ' cried the cashier. ' The till is empty. Our losses amount to 43,000 roubles, and as to bills due, we haven't yet added them up. We're going to bust.'

' In that case, we will pay back the money in merchandise.'

' That's difficult. We have nothing in our stores. Here's an idea. Suppose we pay them back in vodka? Only, the boys are going to get drunk.'

' That doesn't matter ! ' cried the chief, radiant. ' They'll drink it anyway.'

It is announced to the workmen :—

' Comrades ! All those who paid an advance for

potatoes can have vodka for their money. The vodka is very good and quite fresh. We have just received it.'

Far into the night the neighbourhood of the depôts of 'Timber of the Kama' agency resounded with drunken songs and shouts."

As is notorious, the Russian worker is continually mulcted of a proportion of his wages for loans and subscriptions of all kinds. Here is a paragraph from *Isvestia*, 17 April, 1934 :—

"At the Maslennikov factory, at Samara, the factory committee has decided to achieve the maximum in propaganda for the new loan. The factory newspaper has issued special editions under the title *Lightning*, in which the workers have been asked to subscribe more than their month's pay. Workers, and indeed entire machine-shops, which manifested an opposition to the pressure of the factory committee, have had to undergo some railleries."

I like the delicacy of "railleries." A day or two earlier, *Pravda*, 9 April, 1934, had a paragraph :—

"By means of deductions from the wages of workers and clerks in the U.S.S.R., a million Austrian shillings have been collected for the families of Austrian workers, victims of the events of February in Vienna."

As to the payment of wages, here are one or two examples from a plethora of such paragraphs. *Pravda*, 30 March, 1934, says :—

"In the tractor-station of Kirsanovo (central region), delay in the payment of wages is systematic. The workers have not yet received their wages for the first half of March; only on 20 March were the wages paid for the month of February. The excuse for the delay is lack of money. The station used 70,000 roubles to buy spare parts for tractors and agricultural machines. However, it lacks the parts needed

for repairs, because it had bought parts useless for the moment."

Trud, 6 April, 1934, has a word :—

"Scores of workmen present themselves daily at the offices of the glass works of Diadkovo, requesting an advance of three to ten roubles. It is because not a single time have the workmen received their wages on the due date. In the last days of March, wages have been paid for the first half of February, and then only to the workers in certain shops."

Socialist Agriculture, 10 April, 1934, joins in the chorus :—

"The crushing majority of the tractor-stations of White Russia have not yet paid the workmen detailed to the tractors for the field-work of last summer, for the sums allocated to the payment of wages have been spent by the chiefs of stations in other ways."

There may be no money in Soviet Russia, but the propaganda films of the Soviet authorities assure the proletariat of the world that nowhere does the worker live under such scientifically hygienic conditions. Here is an item from *Pravda*, 13 April, 1934 :—

"The chief sanitary inspector of the town of Sverdlovsk declared that he was going to forbid the use of the kitchen of the local machine-construction factory, qualifying this kitchen as a sink of infection. But the local authorities thought otherwise. The Regional Prosecutor, the Chief of the Police, and the Secretary of the Regional Committee of the Communist Party, went to him : 'How dare you interfere with the output of the factory? We will arrest you.'"

And here is another little item from *Pravda*, 23 April, 1934, which is perhaps too good to be lost :—

"In front of the two public conveniences possessed by the town of Voronege (350,000 inhabitants), there is always a jostling crowd. It is because the majority

of the offices in the town either do not possess water-closets, or because the said closets are in such a state that one prefers not to use them. It is the same with the hotels, the restaurants, etc."

We have all seen photographs of the marvellous giant factories erected by American engineers in Soviet Russia. Here is an example of a factory put up by local talent, taken from the paper *For Communist Instruction* 15 April, 1934 :—

" At Viatka, where a combine factory is being built, the upper part of the south wall collapsed on 23 March; the bricks fell from the height of 16 metres. During the night, the opposite wall collapsed completely.

In the workmen's quarters of the same factory, still under construction, the spaces between the windows are already commencing to crumble away. It can be foreseen that the building will not be usable.

In the engineers' quarters, which have just been finished, the window-frames are already out of shape. From the first appearance of the inhabitants, all the chimneys showed fissures through which the smoke escaped."

Never mind. Listen to *Pravda*, 28 May, 1934 :—

" When the time comes for all the drums of the great Red Army to beat, when the drumming rataplan of the Internationale resounds far and wide, when our bayonets and Red aeroplanes bear abroad the watch-word of the Socialist Revolution and human emancipation, then comes the day of judgment and retribution for the thousand years' crime—the day for India, for China, and for all the oppressed, tormented and exploited." Cheer up, Comrades !

The Theatre and the Jubilee

By Horace Thorogood

THE young playgoer of this Silver Jubilee year would find himself much bewildered if he were transported to the theatrical world of the days when King George came to the throne. Even we of an older generation, who can remember it clearly, are startled, looking back, at the sweeping changes that have occurred since then.

Principally, those changes are two—the disappearance of the actor-manager and the coming of the cinema.

In 1910 nearly all the great actor-managers were still flourishing, though the most famous of them, Irving, had been dead five years and John Hare had retired. George Alexander was at the St. James's, Beerbohm Tree at His Majesty's, Charles Wyndham at the Criterion, and Cyril Maude at the Playhouse. Charles Hawtrey was acting, but without a fixed home of his own. The great non-acting managers were also in power—George Edwardes at the Gaiety and Daly's, Charles Frohmann at the Duke of York's and the Globe, Frederick Harrison (with Herbert Trench as director) at the Haymarket, and Arthur Collins at Drury Lane.

What the difference meant, in the comparison with the theatre of to-day, is perhaps best expressed in the familiar phrase of the old-timer, "There were giants in those days." There were indeed! It is not the empty lament of the head-shaking veteran who thinks nothing can ever be as good as it was. On the whole, we may admit that the general level of acting is better now than in 1910, but we have not the array of first-class actors and actresses who held the boards then, of any of whom it was true to say that to see him, or her, act was an experience never to be forgotten.

Not that they were seen in any important new rôle in 1910, which was a pretty barren year for all art except music. Their best performances were in revivals—

Alexander in *The Importance of Being Earnest*, Tree in Shakespeare (he played Falstaff, quite differently from Robey, to Ellen Terry's Mistress Page), and Wyndham and Mary Moore in *The Case of Rebellious Susan*. The new plays they were presenting in that year were very poor stuff. Still, I would go to see them all, for, as I say, it was an experience to see them act in anything, so polished was the art, so brilliant were the personalities, of those rulers of the Edwardian and neo-Georgian stage.

But their day was drawing to an end. The complaint that was loudly made against them, and that was a considerable factor in the destruction of their system, was that they were unsympathetic to the new drama of ideas that was struggling to emerge. They looked to a play to provide showy acting parts for themselves and their leading ladies, the rest of the company being condemned to play up to them. "Good theatre" was wanted rather than fidelity to life, for it is obvious that while the main purpose of a play was considered to be to show off the varying talents of two or three players, it mattered little whether it had any relation to reality.

In nothing has the London stage, during the quarter-century, changed more strikingly than in this respect. To-day, it is the play that chiefly matters. Ideas are the attraction. Life as it is known to us is discussed and criticized there, and an almost excessive naturalism has replaced the exaggeration and mannerism of the older time. Plays, from being concentrated upon one or two personalities, have become studies of groups, and for the highly-specialized actor there is accordingly small scope.

No doubt the coming of the cinema, with a power to thrill and amuse and create spectacle far beyond that of the stage, has considerably hastened the change—that and, of course, the war; but it would have come anyhow. For Accession Year was a time of deep stirrings of the public conscience. Socialism was spreading rapidly, and two General Elections in that year, fought mainly on issues arising from the Lloyd George Budget, returned

large democratic majorities. The Suffragette campaign was at its height, heralding the invasion by women of many departments of public life in which their influence was to prove of immense importance. The old comfortable days when " things as they were " were accepted as, if not right, then as inevitable, were passing, and people were questioning all sorts of privileged social doctrines.

Signs of the change were not wanting in the theatre. Thus, while the actor-managers were frittering their art away on, for the most part, banal stuff, Frohmann produced in his repertory season at the Duke of York's the only four plays of 1910 which have survived, and they all reflected the mood of revolt. Chief among them was Galsworthy's *Justice*, enough by itself to make the year notable. That the critics of the time received it with hesitation was not unnatural, for its stark realism, calling sharply to account a system that had, up till then, been regarded as immune from question, came with a shock to the artificial fashion of that period. The other three plays were Shaw's *Misalliance* (coinciding with the first sitting of the Royal Commission on Divorce), which the critics accepted with more deference than enthusiasm; Barrie's *The Twelve Pound Look*, an immediate success, reflecting the women's campaign; and Granville Barker's *The Madras House*, dealing with the deplorable labour conditions behind the industry of fashion.

Some other plays retain a certain interest because of the names connected with them. Somerset Maugham, destined alone among the younger dramatists to reach a front rank, had three pieces running—*Smith*, *The Tenth Man* (with Arthur Bourchier) and *Grace* (with Irene Vanbrugh). Comyns Carr's adaptation of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* gave H. B. Irving a congenial doubled rôle of the kind he liked. Conan Doyle's prize-ring melodrama, *The House of Temperley*, was a great Adelphi success which he followed up with a Sherlock Holmes play, *The Speckled Band*.

Two young actors who were to become much more

prominent were Gerald du Maurier, playing a convict in a popular American piece, *Alias Jimmy Valentine*, and Henry Ainley, who was in Tree's company during his Shakespeare season. The stage beauty of the day was Ethel Irving, starring with Frank Cooper in *Dame Nature*. The dashing Lewis Waller, idol of "matinee girls," was cape-and-swording in *Don Cesar de Bazan* with Dorothy Dix, and Oscar Asche (with Lily Brayton) had found a costume play after his own heart in the Stanley Weyman adaptation, *Count Hannibal*. It was still possible to see those two grand old comediennes, Lottie Venne and Mrs. Charles Calvert, the first in a revival of *The Rivals*, and the second in Tree's *Henry VIII*.

Three popular actresses of to-day were then very young beginners. Viola Tree, not yet weaned from her first love, the operatic stage, sang the lead in *Iphigenia in Tauris* during a ten-weeks' season of Opera Comique given by Thomas Beecham (not yet knighted) at His Majesty's. Phyllis Neilson-Terry, then calling herself "Phillida Terson," made her début in *Henry of Navarre*, and later appeared in Tree's Shakespeare season. The latter also saw Laura Cowie making a hit as Anne Boleyn.

The golden age of musical comedy was already on the wane, but one could see George Grossmith and Gertie Millar at the Gaiety in *Our Miss Gibbs*, Bertram Wallis and Isabel Jay at the Prince of Wales's in *The Balkan Princess*, Lily Elsie at Daly's in *The Dollar Princess*, and Dan Rolyat, Alfred Lester and Florence Smithson at the Shaftesbury in *The Arcadians*, all these plays being excellent specimens of a type of entertainment for which the London theatre used to be famous. Its composers and librettists and "lyricists" were specialists who shone in nothing else. In earlier years, the music was chiefly supplied by Ivan Caryll, Walter Slaughter, Sidney Jones and Lionel Monckton, and they achieved an infectious tunefulness that seems to be a lost art. Savoyards, brought up on Sullivan, despised it, but its disappearance left us nothing of equal merit, and we have been obliged

since then to fall back on Viennese and German importations.

The features of the "musical show" of to-day which would astonish the playgoer of 1910 are the frank exposure of body, and the Americanization of the music. The latter would be entirely incomprehensible to him. He would wonder what had happened to the English love of melody and derision of bathos as he listened to the strange sounds jerked and twitched from the singular instruments of the orchestra, and to the words of songs beside which the dreariest drivel of his time would rank as poetry. As to the dress, or lack of it, of the modern musical comedy stage, it compares with the fashion of a time when skirts were still relied on for "allure." I remember a couplet from an old Gaiety piece—

> "It is not considered shocking
> Just to indicate a stocking."

Things had progressed rather beyond that in 1910, but it was still the case that admiration for the female form was fostered by teasing hints rather than by exhibition. It was not nearly so healthy for public morals as the candour which is permitted to-day. The stage has shared in, and helped forward (zeal sometimes outrunning discretion), the saner attitude of our people towards sex matters.

A really distinguished "show" of the period was *The Follies*, headed by Harry Pelissier, who introduced into the London theatre a satiric humour and an irresponsible drollery which were wholly metropolitan, unlike anything seen before. The company became the pet of London, and how much its success depended on the genius of one man was seen when Pelissier died and *The Follies* quickly fizzled out.

On the whole, however, it was a decadent period for the legitimate theatre. The state of things was much healthier in the music-halls.

There, one could still see the incomparable Marie Lloyd at the old Tivoli—poor Marie, who, some years

later, was to die after crying almost continuously for a week. Tragedy, had they but known it, was waiting round the corner for other favourites of the Halls. Harry Fragson, equally beloved in Paris and in London, and a 1910 star at the old Tivoli, was to meet a violent end, and "The Great Lafayette," a big turn at the Coliseum, was destined to be burned to death. Vesta Tilley, Little Tich, Chirgwin, Gus Elen and Grock continued into recent times, but the long immobile form and staccato humour of T. E. Dunville, the concertina and pearl buttons of Dutch Daly, the lilac suit of Ernest Shand, the lady-like "Margaret Cooper at the Piano," and the evening dress refinement of "Olga, Elgar and Eli Hudson" are ever old memories. Robey, of course, was as he is and now shall be.

At the Empire in Leicester Square, the famous "Promenade" was still in existence, boasting to be "the rendezvous of Europe," but in reality everything that Mrs. Ormiston Chant said it was, an iniquitous place reeking of drink and vice. The fine old ballet tradition of the house was perishing, though 1910 was a great year for the Russian dancers. Pavlova gave her first English performance, with Mordkin, at the Palace. Lydia Kyasht and Adolf Bolm were at the Empire, Karsavina and a Russian troupe at the Coliseum, and another Russian troupe at the Hippodrome. The latter had not yet given up its original intention to be a home of spectacle, chiefly aquatic, and "The Arctic," with 70 Polar bears, was one of its shows. The cinema was in its flickering infancy. As the Bioscope and "Jury's Pictures," giving half-blinding views of current events and short comic scenes, it filled an odd ten minutes of the programmes in the Leicester Square halls. But there were already many new theatres devoted to it in the provinces.

Thus, in the theatre, 1910 was a year of transition, as it was in the great world outside where hansom cabs and horse buses were slowly being dislodged from the streets by taxi-cabs and motor-buses, motor-cars were

making the road system of the country obsolete, aeroplanes were beginning to be taken seriously, wireless telegraphy was a new sensation (it was the year in which it identified the fugitive Crippen on the high seas), the first Labour Exchanges were established, war with Germany was being everywhere discussed, and a new reign was beginning.

In the fury of invention and mechanical progress, the intellectual life of the country was almost stagnant. Among the arts, only music showed vigorous life. In that respect, 1910 was a rich year, and it was to the theatre that the credit for it was due.

Mr. (as he then was) Thomas Beecham—darkly bearded, with a luxuriant moustache—directed two seasons of grand opera at Covent Garden. The outstanding feature of them was the first performance in this country of Richard Strauss's *Elektra* in the presence of King Edward and Queen Alexandra and one of those brilliant fashionable audiences, sparkling with jewels, the like of which, probably, we are never to see again. Beecham conducted—Strauss himself took the baton at later performances—and Edyth Walker was the star. The opera was received by the critics with more awe than enthusiasm : the noisy violence of the music was evidently not to their taste but there was a general indisposition, in view of the eminence of the composer, to commit themselves to any definite condemnation.

Another notable first English performance in this season was that of Delius's *Village Romeo and Juliet*, in which Ruth Vincent, who a few years earlier had been leading lady in Gilbert and Sullivan at the Savoy, made her début in grand opera. The work was a failure, in spite of all that Beecham's loving care could do for it. The critics recognized the limpid beauty of the orchestral music, but complained of the absence of any sense of dramatic writing for the voice. Ethel Smyth's *The Wreckers* and Sullivan's *Ivanhoe* were revived, but the public showed little interest in either. It was a cold

time for all native composers except Elgar, the first performance of whose Violin Concerto, with Kreisler as soloist, was received with enthusiasm.

Beecham directed, as already mentioned, a ten-weeks' season of Opera Comique at His Majesty's which included a Mozart Festival.

Meanwhile, the "Proms." were going on at the Queen's Hall as usual, almost the sole unbroken link between 1910 and 1935. The modern music-lover would have felt quite at home in an otherwise bewildering London, walking down the stairs into the familiar hall and finding Wood on the conductor's stand—plain Mr. Henry J. Wood then, and slightly darker as to beard and hair, but in all other respects just the same, even to the detail of the carnation in his button-hole. He was knighted later in that year. In the audience, too, the 1935 "Prom."-goer would recognize behind the disguise of youth many familiar faces and be touched, no doubt, at that evidence of the mighty faithfulness of the Promenade public. There were more "freaks" then: one does not see to-day, as I remember seeing about that time, women smoking pipes in the audience. Another difference, more marked, was the absence of women in the orchestra, except for Miss Miriam Timothy, the harpist. And admission was only a shilling.

The programmes followed much the same general plan —Wagner on Mondays, Beethoven on Fridays, and Mozart, Tchaikowsky, Bach, Haydn, etc., in between. It is interesting to glance at one of them, a Saturday "popular" programme, for instance, if only to see from its "tit-bit" character how we have got on since then:

Overture, *Oberon*	WEBER.
Capriccio Italien	TCHAIKOWSKY.
"Ah! fors è lui" (*Traviata*)	VERDI.
Abenlied	SCHUMANN.
Suite, "Peer Gynt"	GRIEG.
Pianoforte Fantasia, "Africa"	SAINT-SAENS.
Intermezzo, "Cavalleria Rusticana" ...	MASCAGNI.
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 3	LISZT.

"Oh, where has fled" (*Eugene Onegin*) ...	TCHAIKOWSKY.
Symphonic Poem, "Finlandia"	SIBELIUS.
Prelude, "Le Deluge"	SAINT-SAENS.
Ouverture di Ballo	SULLIVAN.

If we attempt, now, to imagine what would be the general impression made by the entertainment world of 1910 on the visitor from 1935, I think we may admit that he would find it an enjoyable place, at any rate for a brief sojourn. The low intellectual quality of the plays might disappoint him, but he would find a great deal of first-class acting in them. If he were musical, there would be very little for him to complain of, and in the music-halls he would discover a range and variety of talent entirely new to his experience. But his pleasure would be largely an effect of atmosphere. The theatre of 1910 belonged to its own time. If, by some magic, it were transferred to our day, its glamour would fade as the glow of an electric stove dies when the plug is withdrawn. It needed the London of twenty-five years ago, the London that knew nothing of world war—before the intense competition of cinema, dog-racing and speed track had broken the amusement monopoly of the theatre—when the theatre, with rents sensationally lower than they are to-day, were cheap and crowded—before the immense development of the outer suburbs which the progress of motor and electric traction impelled had dispersed the population over what was then remote country—when the night life was later and the emptying of the public-houses at 12.30 kept the West End streets lively till the small hours.

That background has gone for ever. There is no need to regret it. The London of Silver Jubilee year is more sober, with less of great wealth but more of general comfort, better housed and dressed and mannered, and with higher standards of taste. These things enable the theatre-goer to look back over the twenty-five years with satisfaction.

The River

By Julian Huxley

WILLY HAMDEN could not imagine life away from the river. He lived with his mother at Stadworth, in a little cottage beyond the church. The church, which had once belonged to an Abbey, was just outside the village, and their cottage was beyond the church again. At the far end of the churchyard was a strip of poor grassland: the edge nearer the church was safe from the floods, and provided a site for the Hamden's cottage. Beyond their little garden it sloped down to the row of pollard willows at the water's edge.

A path led up the river for a few hundred yards to where there was a weir and a pool, deep and brown, where the lads bathed in summer. Beyond that, the willows went on, their double row on either side of the slow stream winding through the green country; but the path crossed the sluice-gate and left the river to take you to Cuddington.

However, Willy, ever since he had been old enough to be allowed off by himself, had liked to wander on up the river, path or no path. In summer there were the yellow flags and the loosestrife and the forget-me-nots; the sedge-warblers sang harshly in the beds of comfrey among the osiers, the reed-bunting were always repeating their monotonous ditty, and the sandmartins hawked for flies over the water.

Willy did not know the names of the flowers or the birds, but they meant something to him. They were quite different from the birds and flowers in the dry fields or those up on the hills on the other side of the village: they belonged to the river. The waterhens he did know by name, and used to rob their nests: the eggs were good when his mother boiled them hard for his tea.

In winter too the river fascinated him. You could get away from everyone up in those big pasture-fields; and a lonely feeling would come over him that was absent

in the lively summer-time. But to make up for this, the branches of the willow trees were bare and allowed him to see the big square tower of the church away down the stream, as a reminder that his home was not so far off after all.

There was one place on the river that he liked most of all. The stream came round a curve there to make a broad pool. On one side it had cut out a cliff of marly clay, a tiny cliff to be sure, only three or four feet high, but quite vertical, and dropping into deep quiet water. The sandmartins nested in holes in this bank, and once or twice he had seen a kingfisher here, an incredible brilliant blue against all the quiet green. Above the cliff was a flat semi-circle of grass, bounded by a steep bank which the river had cut when it had flowed at a higher level centuries ago. This bank, bordered above by pollard willows in a row, made it a private sort of place, and Willy, ever since he had first come upon it, had looked upon it as in some way his own. In a hole in one of the willows, among the roots, he had made a cache—some pennies, a glass marble, a conker on a string which had a score of fifty to its credit (he would not fight any more with it when he reached fifty), a broken knife, a red rubber ball, and a piece of paper on which he had written *Willy Hamden* and the date. He had then folded the paper up and stuck it in the cleft of a piece of wood and after putting it in the hole had blocked the opening with stones and rubbish. This somehow put the seal of his ownership upon the spot.

* * * * *

Willy's mother was a widow. She had married young. Her husband had come to be gamekeeper at the big house, and had died within the year. She had nowhere to go, and as this little cottage by the church was empty (which was not really to be wondered at, it was so small and so damp), she moved into it. The squire's wife made it possible for her to live by letting her do the washing for the big house.

She was a shy quiet woman of about thirty, with black hair and dark brown eyes and olive skin; a slender primitive creature, one of the survivors of the stock which lived in Britain in the days before even the Beaker people descended on its shores. She had never got on particularly well with the rest of the village, coming into the place as a bride and being widowed before she had really found her feet there. Not that there was any trouble: only she kept herself to herself, and was a little afraid in her heart of the big-boned gossiping Anglo-Saxon women. And they on their side found her somehow alien, and took no trouble to bridge the gap. After her husband's death, a religious streak in her had come to the surface: going to chapel became her one social activity. Strangely enough, the religion to which she turned for comfort was one tinged with fear and gloom. Uncompromising itself in its depiction of the shadows of sin to set over against the high lights of redemption, it became distorted in the darkness of her brooding uneducated mind, until it became a background of superstitious fear, unacknowledged yet continuously active in its influence upon her thoughts.

Willy had something of her sensitiveness in his make-up, but blended with something from his father—the love of nature and birds and animals, and an adventurous spirit. The blend inclined him to moods and an occasional overpowering need for solitude. He loved his mother, but had occasional fits of violent rebellion against her solicitudes. She on her part, though intensely proud of any achievements of his, yet obscurely resented it whenever he took his place naturally in the village children's little world, whether at school, or in games, or in simple comradeship; in some way it separated him from her. For this reason she was pleased at his love of solitude and his lonely rambles. She would have been still more pleased if this side of his boyish existence had not been focussed on the river.

For she had never liked the river. It made their

cottage so damp: the mists that rose from it morning and evening in the autumn and the winter were dreary and oppressive, wrapping her world away from clarity and light in their clammy cotton-wool and giving her and the boy coughs and chills: the floods would rise and engulf half her garden, leaving it sodden and slimy when they fell again. But more than for such practical reasons, she disliked it for itself. She came from a hill village high up in the Cotswolds, where the air was clear and the soil dry and things had firm sharp outlines. She disliked the moist softness that surrounded the river, and she somehow mistrusted the brown noiseless water slipping along under the willows. She had never like it, and the longer she lived in the cottage close to its edge, the more the dislike slipped into her mind and flowed through her with a mistrusted quiet like that of the stream itself.

* * * * *

It was a sultry Saturday in July. Willy had gone off in the afternoon, up the river. For once, he was with a companion, a boy a few months younger than himself, but big for his age and lubberly built. Ernest Smethwick was his name. Willy and he had taken a fancy to each other, one of those queer temporary friendships that spring up between children, and now they were using this half-holiday to wander off upstream. Ostensibly they were going fishing, but in reality Willy had planned the trip because he wanted to share his solitary pleasure. His friend—his river: the two had to be introduced and brought together, and he had to be the instrument of their introduction.

They set off, with a couple of home-made fishing rods and an old can and some bread-and-jam sandwiches that Willy's mother had made. They fished for a little by the weir, and had a bathe at a shallow pool a little higher up, and lay in the grass, and then fished again for a bit. But all the time the current of Willy's mind was set. He wanted to bring Ernest up to his beloved pool with the green semicircle at its back. They would eat their sand-

wiches there, and Ernest would see what a lovely place it was, and Willy would be happy. On the way up, he had tried a bit to make Ernest understand about it, and what a treat it was that they were going there. He also told him something about his secret treasure-hole in the tree.

At last they got to the place. It had been sultry all the afternoon, they had pottered about until they were tired and their nerves were a little on edge. "Here's the place," said Willy, half proudly and half shy.

Ernest looked round sniffily. "I don't see why you talk such a lot about it." He began doing his best to be disagreeable, not because he really wanted to be disagreeable, but out of reaction. He threw stones at the sandmartins as they circled over the stream, and when Willy suggested they should fish, sat down by a great lump that was cracking off from the bank and pushed and kicked it until it fell with a splash, muddying the water and scaring everything in the pool. Then he laughed in an irritating way, until Willy felt an obscure rage rising within him. However, he said nothing about it, but got out the sandwiches, and for ten minutes there was peace.

The sandwiches came to an end. Ernest, brushing the crumbs from his mouth, demanded to be shown the treasure hole. This was better, thought Willy; he went over to the tree, carefully unsealed the hole, and brought out his little hoard.

The food and the rest had begun to mollify Ernest's urge to be disagreeable; but it had not disappeared, and something in his companion's attitude brought it into play again. When we see that a thing is precious to some one else, then if we are incapable of sharing his attitude, we often go to the other extreme, and out of sheer contrariety try to torment him into feeling uncomfortable or ridiculous.

"Call that a treasure?" said the tormentor, "You *are* a silly baby." He seized on the red ball and began kicking it through the grass.

"Bring that ball back," shouted Willy. He was trembling with the anger which possessed him. "Give it back."

The ball had suddenly become more precious than ever before, and he got up to dart after the other boy. Ernest, seeing his pursuer upon him, seized the ball in his hands and ran to the edge of the bank.

"Don't touch me, or I'll throw it in," he cried, the joy of the tormentor in his eyes.

Willy's anger became fury. He clenched his fists and rushed upon Ernest, screaming "Give it me, you beast, you beast."

Ernest dodged, made a feint to throw the ball into the water, dodged again, stumbled. As he struggled to get up, Willy was upon him. Before either knew how it happened, one of the fists that anger had clenched and swung hit him and tumbled him backwards; as he giddily tried to rise, the impetus sent him stumbling on, over the bank, out of Willy's sight.

There was a scream, a thud, a splash. As he fell, he knocked his head on a willow stump growing out of the brown clay, and in the deep water under the little cliff his struggles were little more than feeble reflexes.

Willy saw the red ball floating down the brown current, heard the bubbling and splashing close under the bank. For perhaps three seconds, three long seconds, he could not move. Then he found himself at the brink. Ernest's face came out of the water. It gaped stupidly at him, opening its mouth wide. Then it began to disappear, rolling over sideways. Water poured into the open mouth. There was a horrible spluttering and gurgling as it sank out of sight.

Willy could scarcely swim. The brown water was deep here, and he could not see the bottom. All the anger was gone now, and in its place was fear; a nameless many-headed fear. He tried to shout, to scream, but his voice seemed stuck in his throat, and only a stupid little raucous sound came out. He looked round: there was

no one to be seen. As he looked, his eye fell on a broken branch lying under one of the willow trees. He ran to get it, and holding it by the twigs, began poling the stub into the pool where he had last seen the face. But he could not reach the bottom—and suddenly he felt he could not bear to reach the bottom. He might touch Ernest with it, and that would be terrible. Besides it would do no good; Ernest could not take hold of it there where he lay at the bottom of the water. . . .

A sick feeling came over him. He wanted to do something, but there was nothing to do: he wanted to go away, but he could not leave the place.

At last he found himself able to move. He began to run, but after a hundred yards fell in a heap among the long scented meadow-grass. Then he picked himself up and walked on, slowly and automatically, down along the river, down along the river. . . .

* * * * *

"Why Willy, what's the matter?" was his mother's query as the boy came home. He looked as white as a sheet as he walked up the little path between the sweet-williams.

"Nothing, mother," he said, but his voice belied him: "Nothing; I'm tired, that's all."

His mother was busy for a time getting supper. When he sat down to eat she began asking how it had been.

"Oh, we went to the pool, you know."

"What did you do?"

"Oh, we played about, and fished."

He wanted to talk, to invent elaborate stories of what they had done and how they had enjoyed themselves, but it was quite impossible; his faculties were half petrified and seemed not to belong to himself.

At last she asked if they had enjoyed the sandwiches; and at this for some reason something snapped in the stony waste inside him.

"Oh mother, Ernest fell into the water and he's

drowned. It wasn't my fault—really it wasn't. He stole my ball and wouldn't give it back."

Now it was the mother's turn to feel frightened. Soon her rapid questioning drew out the fragments of the story, one after the other. When the whole was pieced together, she was still more frightened, with the irrational fear of a lonely ignorant woman who has only one thing in the world to care for and sees it in jeopardy.

Willy had not meant any harm, that was clear. But he had pushed the other boy in, that was clear, too. Her fluttering mind, like a bird in a trap, could not escape from that. Willy had pushed Ernest in, and Ernest was drowned. That was murder. No, it wasn't murder; but all the same they would try him and perhaps put him in prison or at least take him away and be unkind to him. What was she to do—what *was* she to do ?

" Was there any one there when it happened, Willy ? "

Willy was sitting there passively, less unhappy now that he had got his story out of himself.

" No, mother."

" Did you meet any one going up along the river ? "

" No, mother."

Why should any one be told? The thought was shaping itself in her brain, trying itself out in all its consequences.

" Did Mrs. Smethwick know Ernest was going with you ? "

" No, mother. Ernest said his mother didn't like him to go near the river, so he said he wouldn't tell her where he was going."

That decided it. She would not have to face the hateful curiosity of all the neighbours (she could see them, in their aprons, with men's caps on their head, crowding round her cottage in pretended sympathy); nor to see Willy dragged off by Mr. Petter, the stout village policeman; nor to be questioned and to hear Willy questioned by some browbeating lawyer (whom her fancy persisted in picturing as very tall, lantern-jawed, and

cruel-looking, with black whiskers). Ernest was at the bottom of the river. All they had to do was to say nothing about it.

"Willy boy, don't you say a word to any one about all this. It's a terrible thing to have happened, but it wasn't your fault. No, it wasn't your fault at all, but people will go making trouble for us if they hear you say that you pushed him. So just say nothing at all to anybody. Do you understand, Willy?"

"Yes, mother."

That night Willy slept long, a heavy sleep, as if held down by the heaviness of the day's events pressing upon his limbs and his eyelids and the mind below his eyelids; while his mother tossed and woke and slept a snatch to wake again, full of fearful dreams. The next night, it was her turn to sleep, her tremors quieted by the passage of a peaceful Sunday. But Willy, for the first time in his life, slept badly. The event that had seemed to weigh on him tangibly from the outside was now within, part of his mind, alive; it would not be still, but, demanding exit and expression, woke him up again and again, sweating and horrified in the dark.

Next morning he felt ill, and looked it too. His mother said he had better not go to school, or even go out. So he stayed in bed. His mother put the bed where he could look out of the door, and there he sat, pretending to read a book, or looking out at the flowers in the garden and the green fields beyond. The river was on the other side of the cottage. He was glad he could not see it from the bed.

Meanwhile there had been a hue and cry over Ernest. All through the Sunday that had seemed so quiet to Mrs. Hamden, men were searching the fields and woods, and the telephone had notified all the police stations of the country. Mrs. Smethwick, stupid as always, but pathetic in agitation, would not keep still for an instant.

Then early on Monday afternoon they found him. The body, drifted along by the deep current, had been

brought up in a back eddy against the bank. It lay there half covered with floating debris of water-weed and bits of dry rush and water-logged branches, almost hidden from sight by a dog-rose bush that jutted out precariously over the stream.

They fished him out and brought him home. Poor Mrs. Smethwick was on the verge of hysterics. The father was fetched from the fields. The local doctor and the police inspector from the market town arrived, summoned by telephone and saw the body. They adjourned to the police-station, outside which a little crowd soon gathered. Everybody in the village was talking about the affair, except those who were out in the fields, and Mrs. Hamden, who had gone up to the big house for the washing.

Somehow came the rumour that Willy Hamden had been with Ernest on Saturday. Albert Day had seen them together. Where was Albert Day ? Here—a red-haired boy of about Willy's age. Yes, he saw them, he was pretty sure it was they, up along by the weir, when he was coming back across the fields from an errand to his aunt in Cuddington. Jim Sallet was walking back with him.

So Jim Sallet was fetched—a sensible young fellow in his early twenties. He corroborated Albert. He had seen Willy Hamden and Ernest Smethwick all right. They were skylarking about over at the weir, and had gone on upstream as he and Albert approached.

Why then hadn't Willy Hamden said anything ? No one could help knowing that Ernest had been missing. (Those who argued thus forgot how isolated a life the Hamdens lived, and did not know that this Sunday they had scarcely moved outside the house. It would need something very remarkable to send the other women of the village on an errand of neighbourly gossip to Mrs. Hamden : and she had avoided the rest of the world all that day.)

" Well, anyhow, we must have the boy here," said the Inspector. The constable went off to fetch him, but

came back to say he was in bed. So Authority had to go to the sick boy's bedside.

The sight of the policeman clumping up the brick path had alarmed Willy: and he was still more alarmed when told he was to be questioned. He waited, grasping the book in his hands, but staring out into the world with fixed eyes. If only his mother would come home, quickly, quickly.

But she did not come, and in a few minutes he heard voices, and then a group of people came into sight. Now they were coming up the path to the cottage door. Willy recognized the schoolmaster and the policeman, and there was Dr. Mullins, who was to be seen now and again in the village between his car and a sick bed in one of the cottages; and two people he did not know.

"Is your mother home, Willy?" said the schoolmaster.

"No, sir," from Willy, with a queer thumping at his heart.

"Well, it doesn't matter. This gentleman wants to ask you a few questions."

"This gentleman" was the Police Inspector. In ten minutes he had got everything out of the boy. Willy, even if he had wanted to, was not one to withstand the assaults of authority as by law established, and there was something in him which demanded to speak, to escape in speech, to be relieved.

The Inspector took notes. Out of the broken replies of the boy a coherent story was appearing. There was nothing to worry about in the case: a sad business, but accidents will happen. The boy would have to appear and give evidence at the inquest, and that would be the end.

"But why didn't you tell any one of all this?" The Inspector was preparing to shut his notebook, "Didn't you know you ought to have given information as soon as possible?"

"Please sir, I told my mother: but she said how I

wasn't to tell anybody else." He hadn't meant to say this, and yet when they asked a direct question, he was unable to keep back the answer that was pressing out of his throat.

"Oh, she told you that, did she ?" said the Inspector. He made a note in his book, closed it, and stood up. "Well, we must speak to her. In any case you will be wanted to-morrow." His voice was meant to be kindly. But to Willy, with the thoughts and the terrors that his brain held, the only impression was of Authority, mysterious, unaccountable, implacable.

Mrs. Hamden was hurrying home from the big house. She came round the corner of the hill to where she could see her cottage with its background of willows, warm red brick against silvery green of leaves. As she looked, out of the door there came a little black group of people, who came slowly down the path between her poor flower-beds towards the gate. What were they doing ? She knew, but she did not want to know. She would have liked to walk more slowly, but the automatic movement of her legs kept up the rate of her approach.

They saw her coming and stopped by the gate. She came towards them, looking questioningly from one face to the next. They murmured to each other, and then the Inspector spoke. "I understand you are Mrs. Hamden. We have been investigating the death of Ernest Smethwick. Your son tells us that he pushed the other boy into the river. Doubtless it was an accident. But he also says that you gave him definite instructions not to speak to anybody about the incident. That is a serious matter, Mrs. Hamden. You should not have done that. There will be an inquest to-morrow. Then both you and your boy will have to give evidence. Good afternoon."

Deliberately he had spoken with some severity. There must be none of this tampering with the truth. It was often hard enough to get at, in all conscience.

"Yes, Sir." The woman gave him a terrified look.

It made him feel sorry for her, but after all she had been foolish and needed a lesson. To-morrow she would give her evidence, and there would be a verdict of Accidental Death by Drowning, and she would find out that there had not been anything to worry about. He walked on, and the rest of the little party followed, the policeman stopping an instant to throw her a word.

"Ten o'clock, Mrs. Hamden, in the police station. The boy'll be all right by then, I hope."

She came in to the cottage, took off her things, and began tidying up. All the time she felt Willy's eyes upon her. He wanted to say something, she felt, but couldn't. She knew she ought to relieve the tension by speaking, but in her turn was unable. She got his tea and brought it to him.

"You're better now, aren't you, Willy?"

"Yes, mother."

To tell him not to say anything was the same as downright lying, really. . . . Why had she been so wicked? What would they do to him? What would people say about her?

The dishes had to be washed up. The sink was just out of sight of the bed, but she knew his head was turned sideways, looking through the door into the scullery. Then there were some stockings to mend and for that she had to sit down in the living room. She pretended to make herself at ease, and talked a little about the big house and the weather, but all the time she could not get rid of the feeling of Willy's big eyes fixed on her face. At last she could not stand it, and making an excuse about going down to the shop to buy something she had forgotten, once more left Willy alone.

But it was worse in the village than at home. There was a knot of men talking outside the inn: she felt their eyes on her back long after she had passed. A girl in the doorway of one of the cottages turned to call some one within, and in a moment was joined by her mother, anxious to miss nothing of Mrs. Hamden's passage.

Women turned their heads. In the shop she thought that Mrs. Dixon looked at her curiously while serving her, and even, so she imagined, made as if to say something but then though better of it and took refuge in the weather.

She had forgotten that she would see the Smethwick's cottage off along the lane as she came in; and on her way back made a detour by the path through the allotments to avoid it. But there she ran into Jim Smethwick, the eldest boy. She didn't dare to look him in the face, but she was sure he scowled at her.

It was intolerable. How could she bear it? The village people had never liked her: now they would hate her. Nor was that all: there was also her inner sensation of guilt. By telling Willy to say nothing, she had been guilty of a lie, in whose bonds her own soul was entangled, fearful and tormented. And not only that, but in so doing she had somehow implied that Willy was more guilty than in actual truth, had tinged the accident with the shadow of a crime. She knew with her reason that she was being foolish. But her reason was weak and feeble in comparison with her emotions and superstitious fears, and what they projected into reality was stronger than reality itself. . . . She came in sight of her cottage, and there behind it was the river—the same brown quiet menacing river she had always disliked, but now and for ever filled with a new horror.

Half the night she lay awake, a prey to these thoughts that so unceasingly arose to sweep through her brain and batter themselves against her tired consciousness. About one o'clock she fell asleep, to wake again scarcely an hour later. But now a new thought was in her mind—expiation.

Out of the tortuous chambers of her mind, built with fear from the plans of a harsh religion of sin and hell-fire, sleep had brought the idea. It was for waking to put it into execution.

She lay awake, thinking. Expiation: that was the only outlet from sin envisaged by her religion. Expiation:

the crude emotional bargain struck by the childish mind, over-burdened with the impact of guilt upon its innocence, with the pursuing furies that otherwise would leave it no peace. Expiation: the birds struck up their morning chorus—a feeble one in this season, when most were skulking in their moult. Expiation. . . . The day is at hand. The light, broadening in the east, filters into the room. Down in the rushes the water-hens are beginning to call loudly to each other as they stir from their roosting places and, flirting their white tails at each step, set out to search for food along the banks of the river. The river . . . expiation . . . oh God, the river.

Mrs. Hamden jumped up and began to pray, kneeling down at the side of her bed. She felt as if she were going out of her mind. Her previous life had been a difficult equilibrium between her fears, her duties, and her few pleasures. Now that equilibrium was upset, and she was slipping—she could not see towards what brink. The river: guilt on Willy's hands and on her soul: the blood of the Lamb: the washing of expiation: saving their souls alive: eternal life. . . . The thoughts, entwined with prayer, whirled their way through her head, at first in all directions, but settling gradually into one course. They pushed on ever more directly, pushing her with them, until at last she knew what she had to do. But first she was so cold she must get into bed to warm herself again. And there she lay for a time, shivering at first, then quiet. Before five, it was broad daylight. She could not wait any longer, but walked into the living room, where she had left Willy's bed, and put her hand on the boy's shoulder.

"How are you this morning, Willy? Are you well enough to come out with me?"

Willy, woken from sleep, sat up in bed looking stupidly round. "Yes, mother, what is it?"

"Are you better to-day?"

"Yes, mother, I feel all right."

"Get up and dress, then. I want you to come up

the river with me and show me just how it all happened. They're going to ask you questions about it to-day, and I want to help you answer right."

Willy was past being surprised at anything: all the world was bewilderment. Obediently he got up, dabbed a sponge over his face and chest, slipped into his clothes. He said he was hungry, so she got him some bread and butter and a glass of milk: herself, she had not thought of food.

At last they were ready to start. It was a fine day, the air clear and moist. By the afternoon the sky would be dotted with ample cumuli, billowy in white, marking the tops of numberless invisible columns of water-laden air ascending in warm exhalation from the land. But now not a cloud touched the soft blue.

They hurried along the path to the weir. It was still early, and they met no one. The village seemed to sleep, but life was beginning to stir under the thatched roofs, making ready to embark upon another day. Beyond the weir, there was little danger of seeing a soul. The grass was heavy with cold dew, and their feet were soon soaking wet. In the yellow level sun the willows took on an unusual radiance; but the stream, its flow as yet unlit, darkly pursued its way between the banks.

They spoke very little. Willy had a sickening feeling at his heart as they turned each new bend on the way. He would never have come back by himself, and even now would have wished to turn and make for home. But as they advanced a compulsion grew in him. He realized that part of him wanted to see the pool again and to relive Saturday's scene, in spite of the shrinking and protestation of the rest of his self. His mother was very silent, he thought. Why did she walk so fast and look so queerly, straight ahead of her? In spite of all, the river was lovely this morning and there were so many things to see in it. But she never seemed to let her eyes turn to that side. Ah, there was the kingfisher—hark, the piercing whistle! —and there was the bird himself, a flash of blinding blue.

The tropical azure is out of place in this quiet green landscape; and yet, once seen, it is so much thought upon and desired that it becomes intensely English. The kingfisher fled piping up stream: and round the next bend they came to the pool.

Willy's heart was thumping. He wanted to get it over and turn back. Quickly, with the words tumbling over each other, he began to explain.

"You see it was like this, mother. Here's where I had buried my treasure, and then Ernest came up and took my ball, and I ran after him, and then . . . "; but he stopped, taken aback by the strange look in his mother's eyes, that were fixed on his face.

"Come here, Willy," she said. She took his hand as he came slowly up, and led him towards the bank. "Willy, this world is full of suffering. I meant only good, and yet because I told you to say nothing I have a burden of sin weighing on me. Your pushing Ernest into the water was an accident, and yet you have sin upon you from it. It will always be there on you and on me—do you understand what I'm saying, child?" she interrogated sharply; but Willy could only look at her, puzzled and frightened at her words and the intensity of the tone in which they were spoken. She went on, but now as if to herself alone. "No, how could you understand? But it is true. The world's a hard enough place anyhow, and to live in it with that burden of sin . . . No, that's cruelty. God has promised us eternal life through Jesus Christ. But we need to *do* something to. . . ." She went on murmuring and muttering about sin and expiation and eternal life. Willy was half fascinated, half frightened by the look on her face. She had passed from her state of unreasoning depression to one of equally unreasoning exultation. Visions of eternal life were shutting out the gloomy vistas of life in Stadworth.

She bent down and gave her son a kiss, holding him tightly to her. It was not like her ordinary kisses, but

as if she were kissing some one else, whom she loved in a different way. In truth, she was greeting the Lamb and the New Jerusalem. "We shall be happy together, Willy," she said, still holding him to her. "Don't be afraid: much happier there than here." With that, she lifted him in her arms, and with a set look, of faith forcing itself to stamp down her present fear, jumped into the water, only a few feet from where, two days before, Ernest had tumbled backwards.

* * * * *

In the village, men went out to the fields, and women set about their household work. The postman went his rounds, the carter brought the coffin for Ernest's body. The three shops took down their shutters and began to do business. The clergyman called on Mrs. Smethwick to proffer some sympathy and consolation and to make arrangements for the funeral. The coroner arrived in his car, and preparation were made for opening the inquest.

Meanwhile the door of the Hamden's cottage was standing open: no sounds issued from it, nor was there any smoke from the chimney. The constable found it empty when he came to grumble at Willy for being late in his attendance. And all this time the river was flowing on, a sinuous slow brown stream. The sedge-warblers were singing, the moorhens bustled busily about, the kingfisher was back at his favourite perch below the pool. The current slipped on, making the reeds tremble in the shallows, reflecting the blue forget-me-not and the yellow mustard, slowly eating out the soil from under the willow roots to pile it up on the spit lower down—and with its brown opacity hiding the cold bodies and dead faces of the woman who had hated the river and the boy who had loved it.

The Silence of Sir Arthur Keith

By Arnold Lunn

So the Emperor went in procession under the rich canopy, and everyone in the streets said, " How incomparable are the Emperor's new clothes ! What a train he has to his mantle ! How it fits him ! " No one would let it be perceived that he could see nothing, for that would have shown that he was not fit for his office, or was very stupid. No clothes of the Emperor's had ever had such a success.
" But he has nothing on ! " a little child cried out at last.
—" The Emperor's New Clothes," by Hans Andersen.

THE Editor of *Everyman* recently invited me to reply to an article in which Mr. Joad had criticized the belief in immortality, and had assumed for this purpose, as most modern writers would assume, that evolution had been demonstrated beyond all possible doubt. In the course of my reply I mentioned one of the great difficulties which, to my distress, have prevented me from acquiring that happy faith in the certainty of evolution which is so essential for one's peace of mind.

My trouble is that the geological record does not really suggest evolution by descent. There is evidence of evolution within very narrow limits, but there is no evidence in this record of the evolution of one type into another. The new types all appear suddenly, unheralded by those chains of intermediate forms which should link one type with another if evolution is true. A few doubtful intermediates in which the characteristics of different types can be traced are a very poor substitute for those true lineage series of fossils connecting the different families of nature which have yet to be discovered.

My article drew the fire of that distinguished scientist, Sir Arthur Keith, who, in his recent book " Darwinism and its Critics," informs his public that I write " with the dogmatism of ignorance " for " a company of readers who must be as destitute of biological knowledge as Mr. Lunn himself." This is a little rough not only on the

readers of *Everyman*, but also on Professor J. B. S. Haldane, F.R.S., with whom I have been exchanging letters, and who had done his best in the course of the last three years to lighten my darkness on the subject of evolution.

Now scientists are not as other people. Their verdicts are based on evidence uncoloured by prejudice. "An assertion which outstrips the evidence," said Huxley, "is not only a blunder but a crime." Clearly then, if Sir Arthur Keith says I am ignorant, I must be ignorant. I don't mind being called ignorant, but I don't want to remain ignorant. No man is more pathetically anxious to be set right, and my only complaint against Sir Arthur is that I have searched his recent book in vain for a demonstration of my ignorance and for a correction of my errors.

I do not flatter myself that Sir Arthur is familiar with my other writings, and his stern but just verdict appears to have been based on a few sentences in the course of the *Everyman* article. From which it follows that Sir Arthur Keith does not agree that new types appear suddenly, and must be in a position to cite many instances of true lineage *series* of fossils (I emphasize the word "series") connecting the different families in nature. Ignorant as I am, I have yet to discover any case of evolution transcending the limits of the natural family.

No K.C. would open his speech to a jury by insisting that whereas he was very learned the junior counsel who appeared for the prisoner had only just been called to the Bar. In our courts of law arguments must be met by arguments, and not by personal reflections on opposing counsel. It is, however, very right and proper that science should not be hampered by the exacting standards of our law courts, and that members of the general public should accept without captious criticism the *ex cathedra* utterances of our leading scientists.

If I ask Sir Arthur Keith to justify his verdict, I must not be understood to hint that the verdict in question could conceivably be reversed. Far from it.

But, as an ignoramus, I naturally go to the fountain head for information which will save me in future from exposing my ignorance in public. I have not discovered in Sir Arthur Keith's writings the solution to my difficulties. I have, for instance, read his books, "Darwinism and What It Implies," and "Darwinism and Its Critics." I was puzzled by the fact that throughout his book "Darwinism and What It Implies," Sir Arthur Keith uses the word "Darwinism" in what I had always believed to be a popular but inaccurate sense. Sir Arthur uses this word as the equivalent of the word "evolution." But surely the theory of evolution was put forward by Buffon a hundred years before "The Origin of Species" was published, and a very definite form by Lamarck at the end of the eighteenth century. Dare one suggest that the use of "Darwinism" as the equivalent of "evolution" may be due to the provincialism which assumes that a theory cannot be said to have been properly discovered until it has been promulgated in England?

I was very disappointed in the section of Sir Arthur Keith's book headed "Reasons for Rejecting Darwinism." I was very anxious to discover Sir Arthur Keith's answers to the arguments of the anti-Darwinians, but to my disappointment I discovered that these arguments were neither stated nor refuted. They were simply ignored. What, then, are the "reasons for rejecting Darwinism," with which Sir Arthur claims to deal? To my surprise I discovered that this section ought properly to have been headed "Reasons for Rejecting Materialism." Though Sir Arthur Keith does deal with the anti-materialistic arguments he ignores completely the anti-Darwinian arguments. He devotes most of his space to criticizing the philosophers who maintain that mental attributes "cannot be explained in terms simply involving matter and energy." But what has this to do with Darwinism? Why does Sir Arthur Keith suppose that Darwinism can be proved to be true by refuting the arguments of those

who reject materialism? Very strange, for Darwin himself was a theist who rejected materialism, and the last paragraph of his famous book concludes with the re-affirmation of his belief in God. If Sir Arthur Keith had not assured me that Darwinism was true, I should begin to suspect that Darwinism must be in a bad way, seeing that this distinguished Darwinist is reduced to defending Darwinism by refuting views which Darwin held, and by championing views which Darwin would have been the first to reject.

When I began to read the chapter headed " Reasons for Rejecting Darwinism," I did so hope that Sir Arthur Keith would meet the criticisms of those eminent scientists who accept evolution, but who reject the Darwinian interpretation of evolution. I searched in vain, however, for any reference to the views of Driesch, Kellog, Bateson, De Vries, Korschinsky, MacBride and others. Sir Arthur Keith is, of course, perfectly familiar with the criticisms of these scientists, and it would be interesting to discover how he meets those criticisms. Perhaps some day he will tell us, but the silence of Sir Arthur Keith is disconcerting to his disciples.

To be frank, Sir Arthur Keith's defence of evolution in general disappointed me even more than his defence of Darwinism in particular. He makes no reference at all to the fact that new types appear suddenly, and I was surprised that he should condescend to use an argument which, though popular, is completely unsound. Popular, for the all but universal acceptance of evolution is largely due to a confusion between succession and descent. We all agree that the geological record reveals a gradual progress of forms ranging from the simplest and oldest to the more complex and more modern, but this is evidence of succession, and is not evidence of evolution by descent. The simplest of fundamentalists does not believe that bacteria, ferns, fishes and men were all created simultaneously. Nor does Genesis lend any support to this view. The question at issue between Sir Arthur Keith

and the fundamentalist is not whether all forms of life were created simultaneously or successively, but whether the more modern types are or are not descended from a primordial cell.

The same confusion between succession and descent would seem to be responsible for the fallacy which underlies Sir Arthur Keith's analogies from the evolution of mechanical inventions. On page 39 of his little book, "Darwinism and What It Implies," he writes, "We can trace the rise of all the mechanical inventions which have so transformed our modern modes of life. Everything living and dead has been found to be subject to the law of evolution. . . . Paley spoke of the watch as if it had come into existence all at once by an act of special creation* whereas the truth was that the remote ancestor of the watch had appeared first as a small pocket clock in the fifteenth century, and had undergone improvement after improvement . . . in brief, the watch had evolved."

What does Sir Arthur Keith wish us to infer? That a stop watch and a grandfather clock are blood relations, cousins who glory in their pedigree which goes back to their common ancestor, to that great-great-great-great-grandfather who founded the family in the fifteenth century? Surely Sir Arthur must realize that this analogy tells against him, for every watch owes its existence to an act of special creation.

"Everything living and dead," says Sir Arthur Keith, "has been found to be subject to the law of evolution." No, if by evolution he means evolution by descent; yes, if by evolution he means "change." It is difficult to see why the truism of universal change should be used as an argument in support of evolution by descent.

Scientists, as we all gladly admit, have every right to warn amateurs off their scientific preserves. Nothing could be more absurd than the attempts which are sometimes made to apply the same principle to theology.

* Did he? Where? A.L.

The pronouncements of theologians on theology are, as we all know, justly suspect, since theologians suffer from an invincible bias in favour of their own beliefs, a bias unknown in the scientific world.

Moreover, science is in itself a universal education and culture. It is therefore unnecessary for a scientist to read Christian apologetics before refuting Christianity, or to wade through long and dull treatises on natural theology before announcing that God does not exist.

I concede all this, and yet I confess that the theological silences of Sir Arthur Keith are as disappointing as his silences in the matter of evolution. I should so like to know, for instance, his reactions to the Christian solutions of a familiar difficulty which he states once again in the first of these books. The difficulty in question is the materialistic argument against immortality based on the alleged dependence of mind on body. The nerve cells of the brain, he reminds us, can be disturbed by material substances such as alcohol, thrown out of action by opium, rendered lifeless by the withdrawal of oxygen. Sir Arthur Keith therefore assumes, rashly I think, that the soul is entirely dependent on the physical structure of the body, and ceases to exist when it dies.

" Life as we know it," he writes, " has always had a material basis. Physiologists cannot imagine how life could possibly exist apart from matter. If our minds are to survive, our bodies must bear them company."

(Incidentally, why is the word " some " so unpopular with scientists? Ordinary people would have been content to say, " *Some* physiologists cannot imagine . . ." Defective imagination is not quite the endemic complaint among physiologists that Sir Arthur Keith implies. In another passage he suggests that medical men have gone very carefully into this business of immortality, and have come to the conclusion that the materialists are right. And yet I distinctly remember meeting, last year, a doctor who believed in God, and a Harley Street specialist who did not believe in materialism. There is

something to be said for sometimes using the word "some.")

Now Sir Arthur Keith must know the answer to the materialistic arguments for I am sure he has read William James's book, "Human Immortality," in which this answer is brilliantly developed. Briefly we are all agreed that the body modifies the effects of the mind, and that mind and body are closely related, but the question to be decided is whether the body is a productive or a transmittive function of the mind. Is the soul a product of the body, or is the body a structure which transmits and modifies the soul just as coloured glass transmits and modifies light? Light has an independent existence, and continues to exist when the lens is shattered. Similarly the soul survives when the disappearance of the body has temporarily modified it's expression. It is disappointing that Sir Arthur Keith should be content to restate a familiar difficulty without referring to the no less familiar answer to this difficulty. His silences are really most tantalizing.

Now I do not believe that fallacious analogies from watches or unsound deductions from the dependence of mind and body represent the best that Sir Arthur can do in defence of evolution or of materialism. This article is intended less as a criticism of his arguments than as a moving appeal to him to start arguing.

You see, I am fascinated by this unsolved problem of evolution, and I really do want to discover the strongest arguments on each side. I am, indeed, the new type of reader, the "Mr. Everyman" to whom the authors of "The Science of Life" address their improving homilies. A little humourless perhaps, a shade too earnest, but at least I am pathetically appreciative of all that modern scientists are doing to help the public that is determined to keep abreast with modern thought. Yet somehow I read this evolutionary literature with a growing sense of exasperation, for I cannot understand why these learned scientists should guard as a jealous secret their own

solutions to the formidable difficulties of the evolutionary theory. I would, indeed, almost begin to suspect a conspiracy of silence if scientists had not assured me of their disinterested passion for the truth, if I had not been impressed from early youth upwards by the notorious contrast between the biased theologians and the unprejudiced scientists. There is, for instance, that rather uncomfortable story about the Dewar statistics. The facts are these.

Evolutionists, as we know, appeal to the imperfection of the geological record in order to account for missing links. The missing links (or rather the missing chains) are all duly recorded in those volumes of Nature's book which have somehow been withdrawn from circulation. It occurred to Mr. Dewar, a distinguished zoologist, that it might be interesting to discover how many of the existing European land mammals had left a fossil record on the rocks. The answer was one hundred per cent. This is only one of the many interesting facts which Mr. Dewar discovered, facts which prove that the geological record is far more complete than evolutionists are prepared to admit. It is clear that though the odds against any individual member of a species being fossilized are very great, there is a reasonable chance that at least one of the enormous number of individuals composing a species will leave some fossil record on the rocks.

Now the valuable paper in which Mr. Dewar set forth the results of his researches was refused publication in the scientific journals to which it was submitted. It was eventually published, not in Dewar's book, which was written before the researches were begun, but in the Transactions of the Victoria Institute, a public-spirited society whose bond of union is religious and scientific rather than scientific and anti-religious, and it can be obtained from the Secretary of the Victoria Institute, price 1s. 3d.

No evolutionist, so far as I know, deigned to comment on the Dewar statistics until I pressed Professor Haldane

for his views in the course of our correspondence. His answer justified the wisdom of those who had refused to answer.

Now evolution may be demonstrated beyond all possible doubt, as Sir Arthur Keith contends, but if this be so it is difficult to understand why the case against evolution is so systematically ignored in scientific journals. It is instructive, for instance, to read Professor O'Toole's book, "The Case Against Evolution," and Dewar's "Difficulties of the Evolutionary Theory," and jot down in a notebook those arguments which seem to merit some reply. If you do this your list will be a long one, and if you begin, as I began many years ago, to search contemporary evolutionary literature in the hope of discovering the answer to anti-evolutionary arguments, you will soon discover that the overwhelming majority of these arguments are quite simply ignored. Silence is often golden.

A disquieting parallel suggests itself, Hans Andersen's fairy story of the invisible clothes. Perhaps the evidential garments of Emperor Evolution are not only invisible but non-existent. Perhaps the ignorant little child was right.

Certainly the courtiers of Emperor Evolution have even better reason that the courtiers in Andersen's story for admiring the wealth of evidential garments. To deny evolution is equivalent to professional suicide in scientific circles.

No one would let it be perceived that he could see nothing, for that would have shown that he was not fit for his office, or was very stupid. . . .

Germany—As I See It

By Major-General J. F. C. Fuller, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O.

MY feelings are that thousands of people in this country are favourably disposed towards Germany and wish her well; yet so out of touch is the Press with them that their opinions seldom appear in print. If this boycott continues, not only shall we become more and more estranged from one of the greatest nations in the world, but being uncertain of the strength of the minority opinion, the diplomacy of our Government will become more and more doubtful. It is, therefore, my intention in this article to voice what I believe in the main to be the sentiments of this considerable yet inarticulate minority.

Before the War I knew Germany well; during it I fought against her and since its conclusion I have visited that country almost yearly, therefore, whatever my evidence is worth, it is not second hand.

To begin with, the canvas of my picture must unavoidably be the Treaty of Versailles. Remembering that in the minds of many the War was fought to make the world safe for democracy, what did the Peace Conference succeed in doing? It succeeded in smashing democracy in Germany for ever and all. It destroyed the very roots of democracy in that country and in consequence sapped them throughout the world: by the way in which Germany was compelled to sign the treaty; by the abolition of compulsory military service in that country, for be it remembered conscription is the military expression of democracy, and by the imposition of reparations which, destroying German capitalism, knocked the bottom out of her democratic cult. There was no liberty, equality or fraternity in the treaty; it was in no sense a Christian measure, it was purely an autocratic one signed, at the pistol point. It might have been dictated by Lenin.

What was its effect upon Germany? It established instability of government and a universal state of poverty

and discontent leading to Communism. It created incipient civil war, shattering disunity, class hatred and crushing humiliation. In three words—it bolshevized Germany. I think that we should remember that, during the years 1918–1920, 750,000 Germans directly or indirectly died of starvation and that from November, 1918, to May, 1933, 225,000 people committed suicide. Lenin in Russia was only a little more successful than this and he was in no way hypocritical about it. The apex of folly was not, however, reached until 1923, when the French marched into the Ruhr, then President Poincaré gave birth to Adolf Hitler.

In order to understand the Germany of to-day, it is imperative to realize the influence of the two periods of inflation; the one following the War and the other the Ruhr invasion. The first drove the mark down to some 40,000 to the pound and in less than four years levelled the nation to a society of paupers. Late in 1922 I remember travelling from Munich to Hamburg—my ticket cost me six shillings. My wife and I spent twenty-four hours in Jena and our hotel bill was one and ninepence! The decline in the value of the mark was not, however, so cataclysmic as it was during and after the Ruhr invasion. Then despair seized upon the people and they became utterly demoralized.

At about this time a German lady told me that she left Munich for Garmish on a few days' holiday. Garmish is two hours distant by rail. She took 4,000,000 marks with her. On arriving she found that they had depreciated to such an extent that 2,000,000 went to tip the porter, and before she could decide what to do next the rest had become valueless. If we can imagine this country suddenly deprived of every coin, then we can picture what life in Germany was like in 1923.

Probably the worst influence of the inflation was the increase in prostitution. Thousands of girls coming from respectable families and having hitherto led decent lives were thrown on to the streets, not because they wanted

to go there, but because through starvation they were compelled to go, not only to earn bread for themselves but for their parents and their small sisters and brothers. It was then that a certain class of Jew began on a large scale to exploit poverty and vice, and to all decently minded Germans this unforgivable sin has never been forgotten or forgiven. It lies at the root of all anti-Semitic feeling in the country. Such was Germany's decline, I will now turn to her rise.

The rise of Germany out of the slough of despond, of crime and of corruption was the work of one man—Adolf Hitler. He started from zero and to-day he is the Third Reich, and whatever history may relate of him, he will pass down the ages as one of the most remarkable personalities of this century.

If to raise a corpse from its grave is a miracle, is not it equally a miracle for a man to raise an entire nation from degradation to a sense of dignity. It is because the Germans have witnessed this miracle, and not because Hitler is a great statesman or a great philosopher, that ninety per cent. of them are his devoted supporters. They feel that they have passed through a miraculous event and that those of little faith are unworthy of it.

In 1920 Hitler had seven followers and that year he opened his first headquarters in a small room in the Sternecker Brauerei in Munich. In 1925 he had 27,000; last year there were 3,900,000 in the Party, and to-day he is not only freely but faithfully supported by the vast bulk of the 65,000,000 Germans. How was this miracle accomplished? It is important to answer this question, for Germany to-day is Hitler.

To understand this transformation is to understand the riddle of mass psychology. Rudolf Hess, Hitler's deputy, a man who when he speaks reminds one of Savonarola, speaking of national revival says: "The structure must correspond to the inner being of the German people, and the builder must therefore also be in touch with the spiritual life of the nation." This

is what Hitler, in many ways a very ordinary man, instinctively realized, and not only realized but believed, and not only believed but above all *knew he could accomplish*. He was one of the people, but whilst they were like grains of gunpowder, inert bits of despondent humanity, to them he was as a spark. It was a soul to soul contest, not a mind to mind contest. It was essentially a spiritual and not a political revival. In one day Germany was transfigured.

Hitler believes that every great social movement owes its growth to the great speakers and not to the great writers. Yet it is not as an orator but as a personality that he exercises that tremendous magnetic influence over all those with whom he comes into contact. His words may be compared to a high tension wire along which his personality flows. He is one of those rare men—he is genuine and the Germans feel that he *is* genuine. This is why they are electrified. Germany to-day is ruled not by a despot or a tyrant, do not let us fall into that error; but by the force of a single and singular personality—a man who places what he believes to be the welfare of his country above all personal advantage.

In order to appreciate what is taking place in Germany, it is also essential to grasp the central tenets of the Nazi creed. The first is: Common weal before personal advantage—this may be called Hitlerism; the second is: The restoration of the respect paid to Germany by the rest of the world—in turn this may be called Teutonism. Personal service and national prestige are the four words which to-day express the will of Germany; the first is the foundation of her internal policy and the second of her external, that is, her foreign policy. The first was forced upon Hitler by the moral and political disintegration he found the country in, and the second by the degradation resulting from the Treaty of Versailles.

These two principles explain many things. The first which is ruthless in its personal application, explains the events of June 30 last. The individual is nothing, the

Reich is all. Though possibly and probably Hitler realized that a number of innocent people were likely to suffer with the guilty, my opinion is that he felt that this was better for the Reich than long drawn-out trials which would have degraded Germany in her own eyes. We should remember that there are some crimes in this country which even we, a peculiarly legal-minded people, fear to expose. It was not that Hitler was afraid of normal legal proceedings, for he is a man of undoubted moral courage. It was that, having placed the integration of Germany before all things, this crime against the national soul stood outside all common justice. Though we may object to his methods and in the circumstances which surround us they do not apply, we should not cast doubt on his honesty, for if we do we simply blind ourselves to reality.

The second principle explains his insistent demands for equality; for without equality there can be no reintegration of national prestige. Ninety per cent. of Germans firmly believe that Hitler saved Europe from Communism, that their degradation was their crucifixion and that in equality alone is to be found their resurrection. We must never forget that fundamentally the German is a mystic, for to do so is to be incapable of reading his character and of understanding the events this character is moulding.

In my opinion this insistence upon equality does not necessarily mean war, and this in spite of the fact that nearly all the men now employed in the political management of the country were in 1914–18 front line soldiers. To establish peace it is necessary to understand war, and the soldier is well fitted for this task. He knows what war entails and what war demands, and no one better than the German soldier knows that there is no certainty in war and that defeat means bankruptcy and chaos. Besides, to-day, Germany is still desperately poor, one can see hunger and poverty everywhere, though it is now mitigated by hope and faith in the

future. To-day and even for years to come Germany is unlikely to be able to afford a war, not only because she lacks money, but because she is in the process of reintegration.

When Hitler says he stands for peace we may believe him. True, when he was striving for power, his utterances were frequently bellicose. Those days are gone, and even if his past words are raked up they are far more patriotic than some of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's. What was Mr. MacDonald doing in 1917 when Hitler was a front line soldier? What other country, I would ask, would have accepted so calmly such insults as the mock Reichstag trial and Mr. Baldwin's assertion that our frontier is the Rhine? What would the people and Press of this country have said, had our Houses of Parliament been burned down and had a mock trial, in order to prejudice the real trial, been staged in Berlin? Or what would they have said had Hitler proclaimed that the German frontier was the Meuse? Have we as a nation lost all sense of humour?

We refuse to realize that the German nation and Government have never asked for arms. What they have asked for is for "equal rights," surely the foundations of all democracy. At the Disarmament Conference to be relegated to the rank of a member without equal rights was an intolerable humiliation for a nation of sixty-five millions of people, and had we stood in German shoes, would it not have been an unbearable humiliation for us? We are so cock-sure that we are right that we can never see things through the eyes and feel through the hearts of others. Is this statesmanship? Only a few months back, in Baden, when the Saar prebescite was about to be held, an Englishman said to me: "Do you think the Saarlanders will vote German?" I answered: "What else can they do? Think, if Yorkshire, under the League of Nations, had been occupied by the Germans for fifteen years, what would Yorkshiremen do? . . . Obviously

90 per cent. will vote for a return to Germany." That is what happened, yet our leading newspapers with their elaborate sources of information placed the figure 15 per cent. lower.

When Hitler says of another war: "The outbreak of such infinite madness would necessarily cause the collapse of the present social and political order and plunge Europe into Communistic chaos," he is not only speaking truly but he is revealing the heart of his policy—his fight to the death against Red Ruin. Rightly or wrongly Germany believes that she has saved Europe from Bolshevism. Recently we asked her to shake hands with Stalin. Is such a request common sense, or common honesty? Why are such things done? Is it in order to compel Germany to refuse co-operation, so that we and the French may say: "I told you so; look at the bad boy of Europe"?

The Germans, as they have more than once informed me, see through this security racket. They realize that the French political system is utterly rotten; that for fifteen years the cry of "Security" has been used to hypnotize the French people and turn their eyes outwards. They, the Germans, know that security is not a shield against Germany, but nothing more than a bullet-proof carapace under which the Staviskys crawl. If we and France refuse to understand Germany, eventually there will be war, and a war begotten of or own eyelessness.

And now to conclude this brief examination of Germany to-day. In 1931, the country was blistered with vice and corruption. A German then said to me: "When two Germans meet there are three political opinions." Then Government had ceased to operate. In 1932, I felt electricity in the air. In 1933, I was in Cologne during the March elections. Two days before they were held an Englishman said to me: "I'm going to clear out, there will be terrible bloodshed." "Bloodshed?" I answered, "in this country! . . . ." My

wife and I went everywhere and everything was as orderly as a Horse Guards' parade.

In 1934, there was ecstasy bordering upon hysteria. A few junkers said: "No, we don't like Hitler, but it was Hitler or Bolshevism." The vast majority of the people looked upon him as their saviour, and not a few as a reincarnation of Christ. This year there is more sobriety and the people are shaking down to work. The atmosphere is more human and less mystical. Mild jokes about the Government and its reforms are heard; jokes which would have been blasphemy last year—such as: that the Feldberg is higher than Hitler and that Germany is Hitler and Hitler is Dr. Schacht.

To-day the danger in Germany is no longer disorganization, in place it is over-organization—the mechanization of the mind and the soul. If Hitlerism leads to a rigid bureaucracy Germany is doomed. Hitler's problem now is to establish a higher freedom so that the greatness of Germany may express itself.

By understanding Germany three lesson can be learned by us:—

As regards the world generally: A body can never regain health so long as one of its limbs is paralysed by a tourniquet.

That history is made by energetic minorities led by daring individual personalities.

And that though in the conditions which surround us there would appear to be little room for a man of the type of Hitler, there is plenty of room for his faith, energy and single-mindedness in our political system.

Finally, my opinion is, that to understand Germany and the aspirations of the German revolution is essential to the understanding of our own destiny. It is not to be pro-German, but to be pro-British. Incidentally in this atheistic age it may lead us back to Christian principles, among which is to be found charity towards one's neighbour, a principle which, I believe, would go far to set this upside-down world once again upon its feet.

Ely

By Thomas Durand

NO more the monks of Ely sing
Who piled my tower above the fen,
Symbol of hope, of rallying,
A lantern for the souls of men.

Hushed too those voices once so loud
That cried the end of Rome and Pope,
Crude witness of the common crowd
Mad with a newly wakened hope.

And where is he of sombre face
And mighty heart whose soldiers trod
Irreverent my hallowed place?
Gone fearless to his fearful God?

But passing years have brought me peace
To gild the afternoon of life.
The word remains, that hatreds cease
And mellow age comes after strife.

So I live out my fated span
And mourn not that harsh things have been,
Proud still to serve the soul of man,
If old, if weary, how serene.

And on some dim December day
When life seems fled where no man knows
There come young men from far away
To where my leaden river flows.

And from my height their race I view*
Where manfully they strive and strain
To win no prize but labours new
And once a year I'm young again.

* The Cambridge Trial Eights are rowed at Ely.

Lawn Tennis Prospects

By Sir F. Gordon Lowe, Bt.

WHATEVER further holes professionalism makes in the amateur ranks it cannot prevent another delightful season with all the old landmarks ahead. Once more the chief tennis roads will lead to Wimbledon, and British players, after their brilliant performances last year, should be in a confident mood to repel the foreign invasion.

From the British Hard Court Championships at Bournemouth early this month, with home players facing their first real test from outside, until the Davis Cup Challenge round at the end of July, when Great Britain for the second year will be defending her position as Champion Nation on the centre court, there will be a succession of good things. The real climax for British supporters will of course be reached on June 24th, when Wimbledon, still the most important tennis event of the year, begins.

Mention of the championships conjures up vivid memories of Perry's and Miss Round's wonderful individual victories last year, which were without doubt the greatest double event there has ever been in tennis. It also made some of us older players cast our minds back 25 years to 1909—the last occasion that a home pair triumphed. That year A. W. Gore, one of the most plucky centre court fighters England has ever possessed, won the men's Blue Riband, while Miss Dora Boothby (now Mrs. Geen) secured the women's.

Since then, year after year our players have gone down in hollow defeat; Tilden, Patterson, Johnston, Borotra, Cochet and the rest have all come and conquered. "The day," however, was bound to return, and our triumph last year and its manner were well worth waiting for.

Certainly Miss Dorothy Round, whose beautiful strokes are now reaching a very high standard, should be able to hold the women's crown again this year; and in the men's championship if Perry, by any chance, did not

come through, what a golden opportunity for H. W. Austin to fill the gap. Austin's polished tennis of recent years deserves at least one lucky Wimbledon break. Of the foreign invaders, very close on home players' heels, the chief favourites will be the masterful Crawford, Sidney Wood, the U.S.A. tennis magician, the elegant Baron von Cramm, with Farquharson and Menzel holding watching briefs.

Before looking further ahead let us consider for a moment the vexed amateur question which has been exercising everybody's mind of late. Owing to the number of stars who have already crossed the floor our tennis rulers are beginning to get worried lest the future of Wimbledon, other big championships, and the Davis Cup should be affected. The latest move backed by our L.T.A. to keep amateurs within the fold by allowing them to make instructional films for payment as all the world knows was opposed by America and France at the International Federation Meeting and did not go through. In any case I do not think this would have prevented players with their eyes on big money joining the Tilden or some other troupe for long.

Incidentally, professional exhibition games, far from being a danger to the game as the "I.F." try to make out, from an amateur point of view ought to be of great educational value and worth far more to young players than months of coaching. There is of course nothing dishonourable in making a living at lawn tennis; indeed, it is far better to do it in the open than *sub rosa*, as many amateurs are doing to-day.

Before the L.T.A. coffers were in danger, our councillors for many years were pointedly pro-amateur in their attitude to the game, and their complete change of front seemed a little inconsistent and has not made too good an impression abroad. Personally I do not see how a player can remain a true amateur and yet make big money out of the game.

In my view international tennis must either be

de-amateurized completely and the invidious terms amateur and professional abolished, or else the amateur definition must be ruthlessly tightened up. In the latter case more amateurs would undoubtedly cross over, but as Merrill Hall, the President of the U.S.L.T.A., says, "The amateur game will always have a substantial place and maintain itself regardless of professional activities." People are apt to forget that the glittering prizes can only be for a handful of International stars. The millions of ordinary players must always remain amateurs who play and follow tennis for the love of it.

Personally, I should not be greatly surprised if in a few years' time several of the big amateur meetings were forced to go semi-professional in self-defence and I do not think in these advanced times when new professions have to be created, it would matter greatly if they did. The brilliantly organized amateur machinery could soon be adapted to any new situation which might arise. The tennis public are only really interested in finding the best player of the year and do not care in the least whether he is an amateur or professional.

With great players like Vines, Nusslein, Tilden, Cochet, Lott and Stoefen on the other side of the fence, Wimbledon, for instance, does not necessarily produce the best man or the best play. As a first step the International Federation will have to reconsider their present uncompromising attitude to open tournaments at which amateurs and professionals could meet. These meetings might prove the solution of the whole tricky problem. They would at any rate remove the present distasteful class distinction and snobbery which exists in lawn tennis to-day.

In estimating the chief actors' chances for the struggles which lie ahead, let us take the ladies first. Unless Miss Round's classic style has enabled her to draw further away since 1934, I suppose it will once more be a neck-and-neck race between her and that fine match player, Miss Jacobs, for supremacy. One

could not wish for anything better than another Wimbledon final between these two on similar lines to their brilliant match of last year. Mrs. Moody, who is 29, has also taken up her racket again, preparatory to re-entering the international field, but in any case I hardly think she will be ready to resume her centre court battles this year, and cannot expect to be the outstanding player of old.

England has certainly plenty of talent to draw on, for, in addition to Miss Scriven, Miss Stammers and Mrs. King, Mrs. Whittingstall, whose court appeal, win or lose, is very marked, appears to be running into good form. The 21-year-old Miss Hardwick is clearly a champion in the making. Ranked eleventh last year she will climb much higher this. Others to watch are Miss James, Miss Noel, Miss Yorke, and of course the splendid partnership of Miss Dearman and Miss Lyle.

Our women's team must make a great effort to recover the Wightman Cup from America this August in New York and reduce the alarming deficit of 8-4 by which their rivals now lead. This calls for some careful team building and a more resolute attempt on the part of our fair representatives, who seem to lose their nerve completely in this annual encounter. It unfortunately has the opposite effect on our rivals, especially the versatile three, Miss Jacobs, Mrs. Palfrey Fabyan and Miss Babcock.

Miss Joan Hartigan, Australia's best girl player and a Wimbledon semi-finalist last year, was an early arrival on this side, and I predict a very successful season indeed for her. It was a pity Mrs. Westacott, a unique player from Queensland whose game has been described as a human cyclone, could not have made the trip also. On big occasions we may expect to see the big three of the Continent, Mme. Sperling, Mme. Mathieu, and Mlle. Payot well to the fore; likewise the petite Fräulein Aussem. I hear Mme. Mathieu after her fine Riviera play has her eye on Wimbledon.

Others from the Continent making their mark are the engaging Mlle. Goldschmidt and Mlle. Rosambert, France, Mlle. Couquerque, Holland, Mlle. Adamson, Belgium, and Mlle. Jedrzejowska. Visitors to English tournaments wishing to see an interesting tennis side-show should look out for Miss Hoahing, the 4-foot high, 14-year-old Chinese girl who plays a remarkable game for her age.

The Davis Cup has again been responsible for bringing some splendid teams to Europe, who will also, of course, appear in the French championships and at Wimbledon. Pride of place must be given to that well-balanced side, Crawford, McGrath, Quist and Turnbull, from Australia, who will gain added strength and confidence from the captaincy of that greatest of all court generals, Norman Brookes, the Wimbledon winner of 1907 and 1914. On all sides Australia are tipped as our most likely challengers.

Crawford has definitely emerged from his bad patch of 1934 and will be very dangerous whenever he plays. He and McGrath have recently blossomed out into a pair with an unbeaten record last winter. Even so I should think Brookes will keep these two chiefly for the singles. To substitute Quist for McGrath, as someone suggested in view of the latter's Davis Cup record of 1933 and 1934, hardly appears wise. I have always thought myself that it was a pity to split up Quist and Turnbull who shaped so brilliantly as a pair in 1933.

Barring accidents as in 1934 Australia should most certainly win the European Zone. They have France, looking more to the future than the present with Boussus and Bernard, Germany, still more or less a one man show, with Von Cramm, and Italy, led by the doughty De Stefani, to negotiate in their half. Another Inter-Zone final between Australia and America played at Wimbledon on July 20, 22 and 23 seems extremely probable, though this time the odds should be on the former, who lost on the post last year.

The American team will pivot on Sidney Wood, and the other members will be selected from Shields, Allison,

Van Ryn, or the newer blood, Parker, the Lacoste of America, and the coming pair, Mako and Budge. Perry, by the way, speaks very highly of Budge's backhand. The American team will make their headquarters at the picturesque Hurlingham Club, where the grass courts are excellent.

South Africa or Japan may well come through the top half of the European Zone unless Czechoslovakia, with R. Menzel, always a problem on hard courts, and possibly T. Caska after his successful Riviera debut as his second string in preference to Hecht, can prevent them.

N. Farquharson will again be the star turn of the South African team, and judging by his recent victory in the South African Championships this old Cambridge blue is an even better player than when he electrified the centre court crowds in 1933 by brilliantly volleying his way to victory against Perry. Farquharson will renew his successful 1933 partnership with the dapper Kirby which nearly upset Borotra and Brugnon. The S.A. second string is likely to be the 24-year-old Bertram, a clever performer whom everyone will be anxious to see in action. Three other newcomers to Europe, Hendrie, Musgrave and Muir, will complete the team. The 6 ft. 7 in. Musgrave is another of the very tall men like Rogers, Stoefen, Shields and Lysaght who have graced the game of late years, and of course wields a cannonball service.

Japan are relying on a two-man team this year, the versatile Yamagishi and the steady Nishimura. This hardly seems adequate for present Davis Cup requirements, although Japan I remember reached the Challenge Round at Forest Hills in 1921 with two of her most famous stalwarts, Shimizu and Kumagae. Shimizu's match in this challenge round with Tilden, when the Japanese came within a point of victory, was one of the best I have ever seen.

A Countryman's Diary

By A. G. Street (Author of "Farmer's Glory")

March 16th.

AS the chief topic of conversation in my household appears to be riding, to-day I took a car-load of enthusiasts to a local point-to-point. The attendance at these meetings gets larger and larger every year—yet another effect of the internal combustion engine on rural life. Still, they are great fun, and they do help to keep the hunts going and also enable the hunt committees to acknowledge the permission which they receive from farmers to ride over the country. Also, as my daughter is now fired with ambition to jump I thought it well that she should see something of how it is done. Quite frankly, children beat me. There was something more tricky in the last fence than I could see, for in every race someone came a purler at it. In the ladies' race one girl's horse hit the top and went head over heels. The rider picked herself up, unhurt, and strolled back to the paddock, apparently unconcerned. Still, it seemed enough to put most spectators off jumping themselves, but my child's comment was, "There, you see, Daddy. She came off, but she wasn't hurt. So I can jump, can't I?" And there's no doubt that she will jump. But, as I say, children beat me.

March 18th.

The Pigs Marketing Board is so much in the public eye just now that a remark passed by a neighbour concerning the outstanding financial success of a certain smallholder is interesting. Wishing to impress upon me that this smallholder had made money by singleness of purpose, my friend said, "You see, he kept his eye on the goal. Take his pigs. Why, he worshipped them. Let me put it in this way. His idea of beauty was a sow with a good trip of pigs. And his idea of more beauty was two sows with two trips." One can hardly expect an artist to

appreciate such a standard, but it is the only kind which will serve the man who wishes to obtain a livelihood from farming. And a man who lives up to it will get on in spite of any legislation rather than by its aid. In that connection it is well to remember that the great majority of our farmers are small farmers, and as such their main business is usually livestock. Cheap grain is therefore a great help to them, for they are buyers of grain.

March 21st.

Usually it is difficult to say a good word for March. He is such a blustering rude fellow, and this year he blustered in on the heels of February with a beastly east wind. However, during the last few days I have been able to say with truth that March is good enough for me. The east wind has received his marching orders, and, in consequence, the countryside is getting greener every minute. Literally, Spring has stolen a most delightful march on April. How good it was to be in England this last week and watch her do this so charmingly !

March 24th.

A gorgeous Spring Sunday. My back has at last responded to continuous riding treatment, so this afternoon Pam and I spent three hours in the saddle. It was a perfect way of spending such a glorious afternoon, although it was almost marred by tragedy. For the first time Pam negotiated three or four jumps successfully, and this probably led to a certain amount of carelessness afterwards. Anyway, as we were cantering along a broad ride through the wood, a lady in a red dress leading two black dogs suddenly appeared from the wall of hazel at the side. Whereupon my horse propped, and shied violently. Pam's pony followed suit, and she came to the ground where he should have been. However, no harm was done, and soon she was mounted again, far more concerned with the reflection on her horsemanship than with her bruises. To comfort her I told her that

I had nearly come off too, but thank goodness she does not realize just how true that is. To all whom it may concern —a tumbled heap of yellow jumper on the grass is not a pleasant sight.

March 25th.

To-day, quarter-day, we shifted the cows and the milking outfit down to the valley, and turned the herd into the water-meadows—thus one more winter of my farming life is over. This move also necessitated the catching of the bull, and leading him on a stick for a half-mile along the highway. As usual, he objected, and Charlie and I were dragged ignominiously for nearly a hundred yards until he decided to give in. Unknown to me a lady friend motored up behind us, but was scared to pass, and turned back. In the evening she was telling me about this, and made the following remark: "After seeing that I'll never grouse about the price of milk again. It should be ten shillings a pint." It is rather pleasing to find that she thinks in that fashion, but what our dairy farmers really need is a market at existing prices for a large expansion of output.

March 31st.

March has reverted to his customary habit, and it looks as though April will follow suit. For some days it has been cold and the wind has been from the east. So still it keeps dry. How I wish it would rain! The country does not merely need a shower; it needs a lot of rain at this time of year. In fact, it is the amount of moisture which falls in April and May which decides the volume of nearly all our farming crops. But until the wind changes no rain will fall.

April 3rd.

Discussions between the Dominion representatives and our own concerning meat would appear to be the most important thing in farming politics just now. It is a

difficult subject, but I know for a fact that many of the dominion men recognize that our home farmers must be allowed to farm the land of this island to its fullest capacity of some form of production, and that the most suitable form is livestock production. Surely if the world position demands that somebody should have their share of this market restricted it should not be either our home farmers or our dominion farmers who should be restricted in this fashion. To-day the Empire as a whole is an exporter of grain, because it produces more than it consumes. In contrast, it is a large importer of meat, milk, and eggs from foreign countries, because the Empire produces far less than it consumes of these commodities. If that fact is kept in mind and also the fact that livestock production at home would be greatly helped by still cheaper grain and feeding stuffs a workable solution should not be impossible to find.

April 5th.

And a snow-storm, just to remind us that summer is not yet here. Still, I am not grumbling for the weather is decidedly unsettled, and yesterday we had a good soaking rain. As one does not ride in this sort of weather unless obliged I have been worrying out a further argument in favour of developing rather than restricting our livestock production. To increase the production of home-grown wheat very much must mean higher production costs, as less suitable land for this crop would have to be used. To increase livestock production would mean exactly the opposite, lower production costs, as we should get greater economic efficiency. Another important point is that whereas our home-produced grain can be absorbed within the farming industry itself if the price is low enough, meat, milk, and eggs must find an outlet outside the industry. In other words, they must be sold for money to the consumer. So if we increase their production here we must increase consumption. To do this we must either furnish the consumer with more

money, or produce him a first-quality article at a lower price. Given cheaper feeding stuffs and an assured larger share of the home market, the British farmer could do the latter with profit to himself and great good to the nation. Anyway that should be the aim of our agricultural policy.

April 9th.

And still it rains, thanks be, although I must admit that my open exultation is making me very unpopular. Apparently, I am the only person in the world who likes rain, for on no day of the week is it welcome to most people. Almost I was chucked out of my club in town this afternoon for remarking, "Gorgeous weather," as the rain streamed down the windows of the card room. One man demanded that I pay for his new umbrella, although he admitted that he had not had occasion to use one for nearly two years. Another doubted my sanity, and said that I should be shut up in an asylum in the public interest. Well, let 'em talk and think like this. I don't care. This is the best Spring rain I can remember. Those who grouse at it are the real April fools. Folks who are grateful for such a boon are the wise men.

April 11th.

The Greene Commission has recommended the dropping of the Sugar Subsidy. I will agree that this is a great blow to farmers, but I cannot agree that this crop is the sheet-anchor of British farming as so many people describe it. In the first place it is not a main branch of our farming by any means, but rather a small one, and one which is largely confined to one comparatively small district. Also it is difficult for anyone to defend the sugar subsidy on economic grounds, and one must recognize that the recommendation to drop it has come from responsible men who were chosen for the task of considering the problem in all its aspects. But the point is that by reason of the sugar subsidy the production of this

alien crop was fostered in this country, and in consequence numerous farmers have built their farming on the basis of growing it. I have never considered it to be a wise way for the nation to invest in farming, but if now this subsidy is to be discontinued, something else must be put in its place. Without this subsidy no sugar beet, or practically none, would have been grown in this island. The responsibility for the existing acreage rests with our administrators, not with the farmers who grow it. And the responsibility for the farming of that acreage should the subsidy be dropped will be our administrators' also. And I don't think even the cleverest of them can wriggle around that statement. But some years ago why didn't they turn their attention to our national farming products, livestock products, instead of forcing an alien crop on to our farming industry ?

God Save Our King and Queen

is the message from all at

QUEEN MARY'S HOSPITAL

FOR THE EAST END

STRATFORD, LONDON, E.15, ENGLAND

£50,000 Required Annually for Maintenance

Will you send a Silver Coin to mark the Royal Silver Jubilee ?

to **MAJOR RAPHAEL JACKSON, Secretary**

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

THE dispatch of the Foreign Secretary and the Lord Privy Seal to the ends of the earth in search of a policy has not been crowned with success. Indeed, so far as Mr. Eden himself is concerned the consequences have been most unfortunate, and it is to be hoped that his health will not be seriously impaired by the wild-goose chase upon which he was sent. What useful purpose was to have been served by these diplomatic tours it is impossible to see, for in none of the capitals they visited could our peripatetic ministers have found out anything which the ordinarily intelligent student of foreign affairs did not know already. If they wished to ascertain the state of public, as opposed to official, opinion, their stay was far too short, apart from the fact that such opinion is not readily discoverable in aeroplanes and cosmopolitan hotels. One can only suppose that the doves were sent from the Downing Street ark in the hope of finding dry land somewhere, preferably in Russia; that is to say, a policy in preparation for the meeting with the representatives of France and Italy.

Then the Prime Minister decided to captain the Whitehall Wanderers in person for what it was hoped would be the final at Stresa. It was not an announcement that created any surprise, for it had long been apparent that Mr. MacDonald was restive. One may pity, it would be unfair to blame, him, but it is surely a little odd that no Conservative Minister accompanied Sir John Simon and himself. Are these the firstfruits of the work of the co-ordination committee of which we have heard so much lately?

No Need for Haste

IF the international situation were so serious that it brooked no delay, such procedure might be excusable, but this is not the case. A crisis only exists in the minds of the politicians. They have thought in terms of catch-

words for so long, that now they are required to find a policy, they have fallen into a panic. In this country, at any rate, the ordinary citizen is not in the least alarmed, and the fact that so many M.P.s are agitated is merely additional proof that the present House of Commons is out of touch with public opinion. If the National Government is meditating a khaki election immediately after the Jubilee it will meet with an overwhelming disaster as a pack of scaremongers.

Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues have had during the last few weeks an unrivalled opportunity of impressing the world with British serenity, and so, by the force of example, of allaying passions elsewhere. Instead, they have taken fright in a manner quite unworthy of a British administration. Their behaviour has been undignified in the extreme, and it says an enormous amount for the sound commonsense of our people that they have refused to lose their heads because their rulers had lost theirs. Our fathers used to gibe at Gladstone as an old man in a hurry, but at least he knew why he was hurrying; these old men do not even know that.

A Dangerous Illusion

IN many quarters there is talk about isolating Germany if she does not come to heel. This is one of the most dangerous illusions that could possibly be entertained. If France, Italy and Russia, either through the League or by a military alliance of the old type, think this is possible, they will have a rude awakening. It is already clear that Poland has no intention of taking any further orders from Paris, and if France eggs the Russians on against Germany the latter will have Polish support. Hungary and Turkey might well come in on the same side, as will Japan if we continue our present policy of ineffectual pin-pricks in the Far East. It is not a question of being pro-German or anti-German, pro-Nazi or anti-Nazi, but merely of recognizing the facts.

Indeed, Germany and her allies might well prove at

least as strong as their opponents if it came to a fight, and the former would have the advantage of acting on interior lines. Europe tried to isolate revolutionary France in 1792, with the most disastrous consequences, and no useful purpose would be served by giving the Nazis the prestige of a Valmy. It cannot be too often pointed out that if Great Britain is drawn into a scheme of this sort, it may well be the end of the British Empire. The Dominions would not participate, and we might easily lose with the ridiculously small forces which are all that the post-war politicians of every party have left us. A lost war would mean the triumph of the centrifugal forces in the Empire.

No Russian Agreement

WHAT is disquieting is the growing partiality of the National Government for the Soviets. It is a curious way of celebrating His Majesty's Jubilee to make friends with the murderers of His Majesty's cousin, and Britain's loyal ally. If, however, considerations of decency no longer carry any weight in Downing Street, there are still those of expediency. If we do make an agreement with Russia, what guarantee is there against another Brest Litovsk?

Let it even be admitted that in comparison with Latin civilization and our own the Nazis are barbarians: they represent the highest culture compared with Bolshevist Russia. To do more than tolerate the latter is a crime against every moral principle upon which our Western civilization rests. The French, who have never been particular about the company they kept, can make an alliance with Moscow if they like, but they should be bluntly told that this country will have none of it. It never pays to cast out Beelzebub by means of Beelzebub.

The Only Policy

STRESA has proved once more that the British Government has no policy, and has no other idea but to wait on events. It is clearly hopeless to expect

any change while most of the present ministers are in office, but it is not uninteresting to see what the bases of our policy should be had we an administration capable of formulating one. Two of our interests in Europe are direct, the Low Countries and the Mediterranean, and one is indirect, the independence of Austria. For the first two we must, if the necessity arises, fight, and the rest of the world should be told quite firmly that such is the case. The corollary of this is the possession of the necessary force with which to fight.

Reasons of geography render a similar course with regard to Austria impossible, but the safeguarding of her independence is a vital British interest, for the occupation of Vienna would prove to be but the first stage in a Prussian advance to the Persian Gulf. This can only be prevented by the restoration of the Habsburgs. Hitherto the British Government has sat on the fence with regard to this question (as to every other), but there can be little doubt that if it were to throw its full weight on the side of the restoration the Archduke Otto would soon be back on the throne of his ancestors, and the Prussian march to the Balkans would be rendered impossible.

The Genevan Fiasco

STRESA may have papered over the cracks, but proceedings at Geneva soon exposed them once again. If there is such difficulty in securing agreement on the wording of a resolution, there is little hope of obtaining unanimity for any action. It is true that this was secured for the condemnation of Japanese action in Manchukuo, but then every Power on the Council knew that it was safe to censure Japan for there was not the slightest chance of words being translated into deeds. With Germany it is different, hence the caution.

All that has been effected at Geneva is to precipitate the division of Europe into two camps. The German Government realizes that it has nothing to fear from so timid a body as the Council of the League, and it has good

reason to suppose that if action outside the League is contemplated Great Britain will not be associated with it. France is obviously nervous about going forward without the support of this country, while the interests of Italy are clearly limited to the Danubian countries in general, and to Austria in particular. In these circumstances it is difficult to resist the conclusion that Germany has scored heavily in the first round, and if she has the sense to do what Bismarck would have done, namely, divide her potential enemies by coming to terms with Italy with a guarantee of the independence of Austria, she will have the whole game in her hands.

The Next War

THOSE who so strongly support the collective system would surely do well to reflect upon the logical consequence of the application of their principles, in view of the practical certainty that it will prove impossible to isolate an " aggressor." What they apparently wish is to ensure that the next war shall be on the largest possible scale, and that everybody shall be in it. This is strongly contrary to the traditional policy of Great Britain, which is to limit so far as possible the scope of every outbreak, and to remain neutral herself where neither her interests nor her honour is affected. The new diplomacy apparently abominates the idea of small wars, and considers the bigger they are the better.

What the politicians forget is that modern wars have to be fought, and paid for, by the ordinary citizen, and there are signs that the time is not far distant when he will refuse to be slaughtered or financially bled to death, just because his so-called leaders have put his name to a document, the full importance of which neither he nor they understand. It would be impossible to get recruits for an army which, as would be the case in the event of a *casus fœderis* under Locarno, did not know until the last moment on which side it was going to fight.

The Far East

A CORRESPONDENT writes :—

"A mission of American business men has, it is announced, just departed for Japan, Manchukuo and China in search of trade. This move follows very closely on the Federation of British Industries' trade mission to Manchukuo and Japan. Obviously in the opinion of far-sighted business men in Britain and the United States, there are trade opportunities in the Far East. But Britain has, in the United States, a formidable competitor for that trade. It is up to us to prepare for this competition, so let us consider the question of Manchukuo with an eye to what can be done to improve our prospects.

"There has in the past year or so been a good deal of talk about the 'new State of Manchukuo.' The word 'new' or the word 'State,' or the conjunction of the two seems to give the impression that Manchukuo is a comparatively small country. It is as well to get it into our heads that this new State has a population of 34,000,000 people. If we look at the map of Europe and see the great area embraced by France, Germany, Belgium, Holland and Denmark, we can get an idea of the size of Manchukuo. It is slightly larger than all those countries put together. The Government of Manchukuo, from being a haphazard localized system of misrule by Chinese 'war lords,' has become centralized on lines which European experience has proved sound and trustworthy."

Recognize Manchukuo

"THE net result of the efforts so far made to rehabilitate the country is that the Budget is about balanced, the financial system is working smoothly, trade is going ahead, and the people have been given security. The sense of security in Manchukuo is best illustrated by the fact that since the country was taken in hand by its present Government, the greatest mass immigration in history has taken place, and it is estimated that no fewer than 12,000,000 Chinese have crossed the frontier into Manchukuo in the last three years. That

flow is still going on and it is becoming necessary to stop it.

"Three years ago a decision was made not to recognize Manchukuo. For how long is that decision to hold good? And what is the suggestion of those who oppose recognition? Is it that the country should be restored to its former 'war lord' rulers, to economic and moral chaos, to plunder and misery? If the Government of China (or one of the Governments of China) could keep their country in order there might be some case for suggesting a return to Chinese rule—though then one would come up against the fact that Manchuria, the kingdom of the Manchus, never truly belonged to China. Manchuria lies outside the great wall of China.

"The Federation of British Industries faced up to realities in sending its mission East. It would be a logical sequel to the report of that mission to grant recognition. Such a step would help British industry, and quicken the settlement of some pressing problems."

FOR an ideal holiday, combining everything that makes for enjoyment. Glorious sunshine, bracing air, magnificent scenery, beautiful flora, good hotels, no crowds. Golf, Tennis, Boating, etc.

From June 15 to October 31
30%
Reduction on Fares in Switzerland

Apply to any Travel Agent, or to the

Swiss Federal Railways

11B, Regent Street, London, S.W.1

for all information, descriptive literature, tickets, etc.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Edited by **HUGH KINGSMILL**

CONTENTS

Literary Notes	*By Hugh Kingsmill*
Slave Trade	*By Edwin Muir*
A Hazlitt-Hater	*By Hesketh Pearson*
Totalitarian Christianity	*By Arnold Lunn*
The Martyr King	*By Kenneth Hare*
Prose and Poetry	*By Brian Lunn*
Fiction	*By Osbert Burdett*
Common-sense Philology	*By Kenneth Hare*
Robert Somervell	*By Montgomery Belgion*
The Furys	*By Norman Leach*
Books Recommended.	

Literary Notes

By Hugh Kingsmill

The King's Grace

AFTER reading this book, "The King's Grace 1910–1935," by John Buchan (Hodder & Stoughton, 5s.), one is not surprised that Mr. John Buchan has been appointed Governor-General of Canada. For a parallel to Mr. Buchan one must go back to Macaulay, whose success both as a politician and a writer was due to his faculty for being genuinely impassioned on behalf of the established order. Writers as a rule are more inspired by the tragedy of the oppressed and the heroism of the outnumbered than by the complacency of the powerful and the triumphs of the big battalions. But

to Macaulay the extension of the franchise and the introduction of free trade, the magnanimity of the Whigs and the energy of the merchants of Manchester, were themes to lift the heart and kindle the imagination. The Irish rebel, John Mitchel, saw Macaulay as an apostle of pure materialism—"Whatsoever things are snug," Mitchel wrote of him, "whatsoever things are influential—if there be any comfort, if there be any money, think on these things." An established social and political hierarchy has, however, a romantic as well as a materialistic appeal, especially to those born outside it, and Macaulay was a Scotchman. The fact that so many of the prizes of English public life fall to Scotchmen is partly due to the romantic charm of England for her northern neighbour. The Scots, as they cross the border, are impelled towards worldly success by their imaginations as well as by less exalted faculties, nor do they ever lose the capacity to feel romatically about what they have achieved in the spirit of the purest realism.

"The King's Grace" paints England as it would appear to an upper-class Englishman if he were equal to forming a clear picture out of his somewhat cloudy ideas of himself and his country, if, that is, he were not English but Scotch. Here, for instance, is Mr. Buchan's view of the English pre-war officer. He had, Mr. Buchan says, "a kind of humorous realism about life, a dislike of tall talk, a belief in inherited tradition and historical ritual, a rough-and-ready justice, a deep cheerfulness which was not inconsistent with a surface pessimism." Equally inspiring is Mr. Buchan's account of the volunteers of the Great War: "After them (the Territorials) came the natural adventurers, those whom we call born soldiers, and the scallywags, those who sought nothing better. Next came the sober conscientious men, like Cromwell's New Model, who had a cause to fight for. And then the wind blew, and thousands were gathered in who had never dreamed at the start that the call was for them." The whole book is written with this brilliant and reassur-

ing simplification of reality, and may fairly be compared with Macaulay's feats in the same style. There are practical poets as well as practical mystics, and Mr. Buchan and Macaulay perfectly illustrate the virtues and limitations of the type.

Hard Hitting without Tears

MR. MAXTON and the Rev. H. R. L. Sheppard are the two latest contributors to the "If I were Dictator" series published by Messrs. Methuen (2s. 6d. a volume). Mr. Maxton does not believe in dictators at all, and Mr. Sheppard does not believe in himself as a dictator, so neither of these books conforms to the title of the series. Mr. Maxton, after some contemptuous references to Hitler, Pilsudski and Mussolini, and a masterly omission of any reference to Lenin or Stalin, sketches a world provided with "a new unity, a common purpose, a common language, a common currency, education, the material necessities of life, and an opportunity to move freely about the earth's surface"—an opportunity which there would not be much temptation to use in a world where everyone was moved with the same purpose and spoke the same language. Mr. Sheppard is exclusively concerned with the feebleness of the Christian Churches in England. The best and most thoughtful men and women, he says, are leaving the churches because they do not believe that "Churches so obviously playing for safety, so complicated with irrelevant values and subtleties, so ensnared in that evil as to which and who shall be the greatest, can be God's last word for these great days." Mr. Sheppard's weakness is that he remains general in his condemnation. No one, as Swift pointed out, gets into trouble as long as he keeps his invective free from particular instances, but if he so far mistakes the nature of things as to become particular he must expect to be sued for defamation, imprisoned, and otherwise incommoded. Mr. Sheppard's

denunciation of the feebleness and cowardice of the Churches would be more impressive if he did not refer to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York as " men who are especially able, who have a true appreciation of the situation, a wideness in their knowledge of men and a breadth of interest which is uncommon as well as a unique perception of the prevailing conditions."

A Little Masterpiece

THIS book, " Having Crossed the Channel," by X. M. Boulestin (Heinemann, 6s.), ought to have been reviewed in these columns some months ago, but it is only by chance that it has come my way. There would be no excuse for a belated review of most contemporary books, of which the best one can say is that their

" fair flower
Being once displayed doth fall that very hour."

But Monsieur Boulestin's account of his travels in France is of more durable substance. It seems to have been overlooked in the press, probably because of the modest Foreword, in which Monsieur Boulestin describes his book as a " little collection of scenes, impressions, excursions, itineraries and useful information about meals in those parts of France where the food and the wines are best." No doubt the harassed reviewer, with a hundred masterpieces calling for notice, has felt that it would be a waste of time to inquire further into the merits of a book for which even the author claims no more than that it is a guide to a good meal, with a little descriptive matter sifted in to give tone to the carnal interest. But this book is distinguished from the mass of travel books by the richness of the author's temperament. His senses are both delicate and powerful. He sees, hears and tastes with the same relish. Gautier said that he was a man for whom the visible word existed. Monsieur Boulestin is a man for whom the visible, the audible and the eatable world all exist, with equal appeal.

Two passages, the first on his native country, the Landes, and the second on the market and harbour of Toulon, will show the range of his sensibilities, and his power to express them.

"The afternoon! A large white sun, purple shadows, the light dancing on the water, the forest shimmering in the heat—a heat almost palpable, resting on your shoulders like a burning cloak. A fish occasionally would rise to the strident accompaniment of the cicadas . . . and at times there would be no noise but the tremulous buzzing of the insects.

"As for the vegetables . . . there is everything deliciously crisp, artichokes, purple asparagus, little courgettes, strawberries, oranges, tangerines, new potatoes, cauliflowers, perfect lettuce, radishes, salsify . . . turnips of shining whiteness, carrots, onions, leeks small and tender, celery, parsley . . .

"The Mediterranean Sea glitters in the sun at the bottom of the street. The market is over and the life of the town is now on this quay. . . . There are the loafers, the workmen from the arsenal, the sailors, and the old woman who comes every day with her tame goose; after a stroll she lets the goose have a short swim, and calls to it if it goes too far; the goose obeys, climbs on the quay, and both go home to luncheon in one of the dark narrow streets which are so cool in summer."

An Adage Refuted

IN *The Sunday Times* of April 7th, "Atticus" writes: "The adage that a prophet has no honour in his own country is dubiously true. It is the only place where a prophet has any true honour, because in his own country he is really understood. The presentation from all Lancashire to Lord Derby last Thursday was something more than the recognition of a great public servant. It was a tribute to its most beloved and typical son."

Slave Trade

A Saint in the Slave Trade: Peter Claver. By Arnold Lunn. (Sheed and Ward. 6s.)

This is a controversial portrait of a remarkable man—controversial in the sense that Mr. Lunn seems to have an invisible Protestant reader in his mind all the time and cannot resist the temptation of turning round every now and then to have it out with him. This Protestant is so pigheaded and generally perverse that one cannot help siding against him; but Mr. Lunn does not seem to think that there is any hope of convincing him, though he goes on arguing with him. The subject of most of his arguments is the peculiar kind of saintly virtue that Peter Claver possessed. The questions he raises over them are highly interesting, and his answers skilful; but one feels that if he had written as full a life as possible of this saint it would have answered these questions in itself, and much more convincingly.

Peter Claver was born in 1581 and died in 1654. He belonged to a noble but poor Spanish family, and might have had a brilliant worldly career in the Roman Catholic Church if he had chosen. Instead, he crossed the New World, and spent the remaining forty-four years of his life in succouring and converting negro slaves in Cartagena. The kind of man he was may be judged from two extracts :—

> There are degrees of leprosy, and there are lepers whose appearance is so terrible that they form an outer circle of outcasts in the inferno of leprosy . . . Claver would seek out these abandoned wretches in the secluded cells in which they were confined, and he would, in the words of his biographer, " handle their wounds with as much complacency as if they had been the most delicate flowers; he tenderly kissed them, and even wiped them with his tongue. He washed those who could not use their arms, he fed them, and if he saw anyone disgusted with the food, he would take a piece out of the dish and eat it himself in order to encourage the invalid."

This shows the other side of his character :—

> In Lent, he would enter his confessional at three in the morning, and would remain there for eight hours listening to a constant succession of negroes. After eight hours in the confessional, he left the church for a brief pause and returned for another four in the afternoon . . . And throughout these incredible labours he wore a hair shirt which reached from his neck to his feet. Sometimes he fainted from exhaustion, but he usually managed to avoid collapse by wiping his face with linen steeped in wine . . . On returning to his room he rounded off his day nicely by scourging himself, and of the remainder of the night he spent at least two hours in mental prayer.

Mr. Lunn says truly that Claver's virtues are not commonly

found among modern humanitarians; one might object that they are not commonly found among modern Roman Catholics either. Nevertheless, in spite of the disgust that they awaken at first, they are understandable, and one can still imagine two kinds of people at least kissing lepers' sores: religious people who recognize the leper as an immortal soul, and naturally humane people who recognize him as a human being. When that intuition, whether religious or human, is intense enough, as it was in Peter Claver, it can no doubt overcome physical disgust. The description which Mr. Lunn quotes, in which the lepers' wounds are compared to "the most delicate flowers," makes Claver's action disgusting in a way that it could not have been in reality; and if one were to imagine him thinking as his biographer did and gloating over the æsthetic beauty of the sores he licked, he would become a really monstrous figure. Liberation from disgust must produce an intense pleasure, but to argue from this that Claver kissed the lepers' wounds for that reason would be monstrously false. That he got some pleasure from wearing his hair shirt and scourging himself is also conceivable: the pleasure of overcoming discomfort and pain and of subduing sensual desire; but it would be nonsense to infer that he wore a hair shirt and scourged himself for that cause. Yet the pleasures produced by his personal mortifications were certainly in a way like the pleasure he must have received from kissing the lepers; arising from the overcoming of natural desire in the one case and of natural disgust in the other, and leading in both to a liberation from the natural mode of passion.

The book raises in an extreme form the problem of asceticism, and on that and on the legitimate pleasures of the senses Mr. Lunn writes very sensibly. He has also a penetrating criticism of humanitarianism and various other modern beliefs. He is perhaps too fond of such statements as: "Man is both body and soul, and those who begin by despising the body, soon slide down the slippery slope which leads to the Manichean heresy." To slide down into the Manichean heresy is no doubt a serious business, but there are ways of ending this sentence which which would have conveyed a more urgent warning to Mr. Lunn's Protestant readers. One would have liked also to hear more of Peter Claver; but the book is an intelligent and interesting statement of a Catholic point of view, and should be read in particular by those who are likely to disagree with it.

EDWIN MUIR.

A Hazlitt-Hater

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF HENRY CRABB ROBINSON. By EDITH J. MORLEY. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. 10s. 6d. net.)

WITHOUT admitting either that Crabb Robinson was worth a full-length biography or that he comes to life in the book under review, we must not withhold praise from Miss Morley for the work she is doing on the diaries of "old Crabb." Future biographers will be deeply indebted to her, and we may anticipate their gratitude. The diaries are invaluable. As for Crabb himself, opinions will vary. He was an eminently respectable citizen with a flair for genius, a very ordinary person with a talent for reporting; the reverse of Boswell, who was neither respectable nor ordinary and who was more of a genius than most of the people whose conversation he reported. Crabb's character may be summed up in the statement that he loved and admired Wordsworth. In other words, he was able to perceive that Wordsworth was a great poet (after Hazlitt had drawn his attention to the fact), and he was unable to perceive the flaws in Wordsworth's mental make-up. He loved the churchwarden in Wordsworth, and this alone should make him popular with those modern scholars who are trying hard to prove that Wordsworth was a prophet, a priest, a philosopher, a politician, and anything else that the poet believed himself to be.

Crabb also hated Hazlitt, and here again he is among the mob of dons, critics and toadies who are shocked by intellectual honesty and horrified by emotional truth. Miss Morley says that Crabb's verdicts on the men of his time "correspond closely to the settled judgments of our own day," one of them being that "he comes to despise Hazlitt for his defects of character." But apart from the fact that "the settled judgments of our own day" are likely to become unsettled in the near future, it is doubtful whether anyone who is not a fool, a hypocrite, a prig, a puritan or a pedant has ever *despised* any great man for his so-called "defects" of character. Wordsworth and Coleridge at least had some personal grounds for their hatred of Hazlitt, since he had exposed their political apostasy, but those who have inherited their hatred are merely the worst type of puritanical humbug. Crabb's dislike of Hazlitt was almost certainly due to his love of "safe" company. Hazlitt was unpopular; friendship with him was risky, and Crabb had not the pluck, even if he had the wish, to brave opinion. Besides, there was Wordsworth, who would not have spoken to him again if he had been seen speaking to Hazlitt. Crabb would not have been Robinson if he had not

idolized the safest idol. So he worshipped at the shrine of Wordsworth in England and of Goethe in Germany. Had he been alive to-day he would have succumbed to Dean Inge in England and Einstein in Germany (or wherever that philosopher is staying while Hitler is at large). A sub-title to this work might therefore run: "The Biography of a Careful Man."

"The first thing that strikes one," says Miss Morley, "is the fact that he seems to have come into more or less close contact, direct or indirect, with nearly every writer, great and small, who achieved any degree of fame during his own long life." The second thing that strikes one is that he made himself agreeable to everyone who was considered respectable. He was, in fact, a model citizen who kept a diary. But, unfortunately, most diaries are kept by model citizens. An alarming thought for anyone who is not a model citizen.

HESKETH PEARSON.

Totalitarian Christianity

THE UNFINISHED UNIVERSE. By T. S. GREGORY. (Faber & Faber. 8s. 6d.)

IT was, I think, Matthew Arnold who defined religion as morality touched by emotion. Religion is much more than a mere system of moral taboos. No less mistaken is the modern tendency to equate Christianity with humanitarianism or even with pacifism. Christianity is not only a code, it is a culture. If Christianity be true, no event in the history of this planet approaches in importance the Incarnation, and the whole-hearted acceptance of the Incarnation must inevitably affect not only morals, not only politics, but art, architecture, literature and every other aspect of human life. If Christianity be true, a civilization impregnated by Christian philosophy will not only differ from, but must inevitably be superior to, civilizations which are informed by non-Christian philosophy.

It was the supreme merit of Ruskin to reject the departmental Christianity of the Victorian age, and to insist that the Renaissance, which his contemporaries glorified as a liberation from monkish restraints, was the rebirth not only of the Roman arch and of the Greek orders, but of Roman pride and Greek morals. The architecture of humanism which Ruskin hated found a brilliant champion in Mr. Geoffrey Scott.

TOTALITARIAN CHRISTIANITY

Mr. T. S. Gregory, in his book, "The Unfinished Universe" (Faber & Faber, 10s. 6d.), comes forward as the apologist for a Christianity no less totalitarian than Ruskin's. Mr. Gregory has been well known in the religious world for years as one of the leaders of thought in the Methodist ministry, but his recent conversion to Catholicism came as no surprise to those who knew him. His book will offend few susceptibilities for he is less concerned to prove that Protestantism is wrong than that Christianity is right, and he is less interested in attacking the doctrines of any particular sect than in refuting the general heresy that Christianity is a kind of extra to be superimposed upon civilization rather than a leaven which permeates society as a whole.

"The Unfinished Universe" is an attempt to reinterpret history in terms of spiritual values. Mr. Gregory possesses three qualifications for this task. He is exceptionally well read; he has vision; and he has a sympathetic understanding even of the beliefs which he rejects.

Not the least valuable part of this book is the opening part which contains Mr. Gregory's survey of the classic world, a valuable corrective, incidentally, to the exaggerations of our professional Hellenists.

One need not accept Mr. Gregory's main thesis, one need not even be a Christian, one need only possess some understanding of our traditional European culture to read with sheer delight Mr. Gregory's analysis of the successive attacks on that culture which began with the Renaissance and proceeded through the rationalism of the eighteenth century to the materialism of the nineteenth.

"The Unfinished Universe" will take high rank not only among the classics of Christian apologetics, but also among the most successful attempts to reinterpret history in terms of man's relation to God.

ARNOLD LUNN.

The Martyr King

THE LETTERS OF CHARLES I. Edited by Sir CHARLES PETRIE. (Cassell and Co., Ltd. 10s. 6d.)

THESE letters arranged chronologically, and connected by brief paragraphs which enable a reader to grasp the circumstances

in which each was written, present us with what is, in effect, the unconsciously produced autobiography of Charles I. Many of them—manifestly intended for no other eyes than those of the addressees—reveal a rich humanity which will astonish those who regard this king as little more than a cold embodiment of the principle of divine right. As a small boy, he sends condolences to his mother who is separated from him owing to an attack of gout. " . . . I must for many causes be sorry; and specially because it is troublesome to you, and has deprived me of your most comfortable sight, and of many good dinners; the which I hope, by God's grace, shortly to enjoy." When newly married, Charles finds that his wife's French followers make use of her to advance their personal interests, which creates " unkindnesses and distastes " between him and her. So he writes to Buckingham,—" I command you send all the French away to-morrow out of the town. If you can, by fair means (but stick not long disputing), otherwise force them away; driving them away like so many wild beasts, until you have shipped them; and so the devil go with them." How would this brisk passage lose were it recast with the flabby evasions of the modern diplomatic style!

Had Charles received supplies upon the same liberal scale as his predecessors, there would have been no friction between himself and his Commons, hence no civil war. But the merchants had supplanted the older agriculturists, and he soon realized that the principle of no grants without concessions, pushed as they pushed it, to extremes, would leave him nothing of King but the empty title. His weak sacrifice of Strafford, which he ever afterwards regretted, availed him nothing, and it seems no less certain that had he conceded the abolition of episcopacy for which the Puritans pressed, only further and yet further concessions would have been wrung from him. The money levied of necessity, in default of grants from the Commons, was put to none but laudable uses. Ship Money was expended upon *ships*, those of the British navy, " . . . because pirates . . . as well Turks as others . . . taking by force and spoiling the ships . . . and merchandises . . . of our subjects . . . which have been accustomed anciently to be defended by the English nation . . . at their pleasure have carried away the men in the same into miserable captivity." The English sea-captain in a Turkish dungeon would not regard John Hampden as a hero for opposing Ship Money, and supporting, against the Government, the cynical contention of the inland counties for exemption from contributing

towards the protection of their fellow countrymen in peril on the seas.

This admirable collection of letters enables us to follow point by point the fluctuations of the Civil War. We witness the King's un-Cromwellian restraint when victorious, his fortitude in prison, his dignity when confronted with his judges. His protest against the illegality of the court which tried him being overruled, " I am not suffered to speak," cried he, " expect what justice other people will have." This was sound criticism, and events proved him a prophet.

KENNETH HARE.

Prose and Poetry

THE FABLE OF THE BEES. By BERNARD MANDEVILLE. With an Introduction by DOUGLAS GARMAN. (Wishart. 6s.)

BERNARD MANDEVILLE was exceptionally versed in the abstractions and special idiom of his period, but his peculiar merit is that, while he is a master of eighteenth-century elegance, his attitude to life is more detached than that of most of his better-known contemporaries.

His " Fable of the Bees " is too much in the sententious manner of Pope to be as diverting as the prose works included in this volume, which all expound the thesis of the Fable that private vices are public benefits. " The great taskmasters, necessity, avarice, envy and ambition, each in the class that belongs to him, keep the members of the society to their labour, and make them all submit, most of them cheerfully, to the drudgery of their station."

Mandeville's particular butt is the Lord Shaftesbury of his day, a free-thinker who held that human conduct is governed by natural virtue, a sort of English Candide. Mandeville asks whether a widow who spends forty shillings to apprentice her son to a chimney sweep is actuated by desire to benefit the body politic, having observed that unswept chimneys may produce conflagrations.

To attribute high sentiments to a common woman was the most effective refutation of Lord Shaftesbury's argument, and

the eighteenth-century dislike and contempt for the lower orders is well given in the remarks of the more pompous member of the little party who conduct the Dialogue at the end of the book. They are arguing the respective merits of the opera and playhouses. Horatio complains of the companies who frequent playhouses, "some of which are almost of the lowest rank of all . . . the odd mixture of high and low that are all partaking of the same diversion, without regard to dress or quality, are all very offensive; . . . At the opera the company is of another sort: the place itself is a security to peace, as well as every one's honour, and it is impossible to name another where blooming innocence and irresistible virtue stand in so little need of guardians . . . If you will mind the grave deportment of the assembly, and the consciousness that appears in every countenance, of the respect they owe to each other, you will be forced to confess that upon earth there cannot be a pastime more agreeable."

Prudery reached its height in the Georgian rather than in the Victorian period—it was an eighteenth-century squire described by Hayley who threw a little veil over every part of his marble treasures where he thought the freedom of ancient art could excite painful surprise. Mandeville's diverting analysis of female modesty must have been disconcerting in his time, as his emphasis on the motive-power of ambition and envy makes him more akin to our age than his own.

The amount of information on eighteenth-century thought conveyed by Mr. Garman in his very lucid and able introduction is as surprising as the amount of matter (over 90,000 words prose and a long poem) contained in the slim proportions of this graceful volume.

BRIAN LUNN.

Fiction

CAPTAIN PATCH. By T. F. POWYS. (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.)
ENBURY HEATH. By STELLA GIBBONS. (Longmans. 7s. 6d.)
LOVE IN WINTER. By STORM JAMESON. (Cassell. 7s. 6d.)
PYLON. By WILLIAM FAULKNER. (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.)
THE SHIPBUILDERS. By GEORGE BLAKE. (Faber & Faber. 6s. 6d.)

THE short stories of Mr. T. F. Powys are nearer to the true short story than many compositions that go loosely by that name. A story, however short, in order to be a story should have

a beginning, a middle and an end, as have, for example, most of the parables. When the writing turns upon a single incident, and leaves a vista neither before nor after, it is an anecdote. The method of Mr. Powys seems deceptively simple. It is to take a character in rural life, whether in village or little country town, to allow the person to become possessed by some idea, usually verging on a fantasy, and then to relate what happens. His present collection varies in interest. The most typical concerns a man who gave away all he had as a magnificent advertisement, and throve exceedingly (with not more than a slight strain on the credulity of the reader). Often the ideas that possess these people are simple and pathetic, but whoever they are they radiate an environment, and most of the incidents seem to compress the life-story of the victim. The writing is beautifully simple, and even the few that seem inconsequent or unrealized are charming to read. We are introduced into a little world, a little Wessex, and the stories are curious because while not seeming to be at all modern they are also not out of date. Here is a genuine talent, whose inventiveness is matched by the smallness of the canvas it prefers.

Miss Stella Gibbons's new novel is of the opposite kind. It is, in substance, a short story, a long anecdote, either stopping too soon or told at unnecessary length. A drunken doctor dies, and his three children, whose joint ages amount to sixty years, decide to live together in a cottage on Enbury Heath, which is very like Hampstead. Sophie, the eldest, is the steady one of the three, and the entire story consists of their summer in the cottage, during which their noisy night-parties defeat her attempt to begin an orderly life at last. The picture of youthful squalor and cheerful fecklessness is true to life; but the heavy uncles and aunts who hover over the three youngsters only just escape from being lay figures. We are interested enough in the young people to wonder what will happen to them, but the book stops when the two boys have shamefacedly told their sister that they want to go off with a flashy young friend and that she must therefore find a room for herself. This is rather thin fare for three hundred pages, but the instalment (so far as it goes) is a good opening which deserves a sequel.

Miss Storm Jameson's new novel is the second of a trilogy; we must remember its ambition when considering its scale. The scene is crowded with figures and makes a panorama of London's working, social, business, journalistic life. The thread that

unites the crowd is the love of the affectionate, self-sacrificing Hervey for the weak and therefore selfish Nicholas. Each of them is unhappily married, but each finds undeniable ties with the partner each has left. Since marriage is not a contract, such ties are unescapable, but I do not recall a recent novel of divorcing couples in which these ties have been admitted so frankly. Another merit in the book is the way in which its characters stumble through life, turn back on their paths, betray illogicality and bewilderment. Hervey especially is admirably drawn, and the many conversations have the reality that comes from the inconsequence of ordinary talk. Most people in fiction embody a logical formula or are fixed types. Real people are scarcely ever logical in their human relations in this way. The relation of Hervey to Nicholas is the best part of the book, for Hervey is a living woman. Though the panorama is well done, even if there are too many people to remember easily, and though the interest of the big setting is maintained, the surface of life cannot but seem thin compared with the heart of humanity beneath it. Miss Jameson's novel is far above the average, for to skill, variety of interest, and verisimilitude she can add the study of a rich emotional nature as familiar to us as an old friend, as true to life as a human instinct. Many widely acclaimed novels will seem crude after the simplicity of this careful portrait.

At first sight, and for three-quarters of the book, "Pylon" appears to be one of those American novels designed to mimic a pneumatic drill. All noise, confusion, power and nightmare, with American conversation difficult to follow and transitions as tiring as electrical advertisements in changing lights, it mimics an existence that has nothing for fine art. Anything can be described, but not everything is worth describing. It tells how a reporter became absorbed in a party of aviators and parachutists who lead a precarious existence competing for inadequate prizes. The reporter befriends them in their need, and his pity is the only human interest. Toward the end, however, the racket of the story gives place to the simpler emotions awakened in the party by a tragedy for one of them, and this shows that Mr. Faulkner is not the dupe of his method. People who like steel furniture should like this book. Those who do not can pass it by without much injustice to Mr. Faulkner.

Mr. George Blake's new novel is another panorama, this time of the decay of shipbuilding on the Clyde. It is a highly competent piece of work, a close parallel to Mr. Brett Young's complementary

panorama of the decay of a village in "This Little World." It deserves an equal success, and (so far as I know his others) is Mr. Blake's best novel as yet. The end of a great industry; the nightmare of unemployment, for the rich owners as well as for the poor fellows slouching aimlessly on the dole; both extremes of the crisis are vividly depicted in the two homes of one master and one man equally impotent to escape. It makes excellent reading, and no demur is implied in the regret that the competent few among novelists should not have a dash more of poetry in them while the imaginative few likewise miss the solidity of these good constructors.

OSBERT BURDETT.

Common-sense Philology

THE LOST LANGUAGE OF LONDON. By HAROLD BAYLEY. (Jonathan Cape, Ltd. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. BAYLEY maintains that to trace words to their origins, philology, though essential, is not of such exclusive importance as to render folklore, history, psychology, and common sense superfluous. In a volume on place-names, "Anerley" in South London, is thus described,—"Not in Domesday, Meadow of Aner . . . See -Ley." Mr. Bayley comments—"Mr. Aner never owned a lea in this neighbourhood; nor is the name likely to be found in Domesday, for the railway station named Anerley arose from a commercial transaction of not long ago. When the London Brighton and South Coast Railway were constructing their line, the land in this neighbourhood was owned by a Scotsman who had named his house 'Anerley'; he sold the railway their required property with the proviso that the station built upon it should bear that name." Such are the vagaries of philologists who neglect local history!

Mr. Bayley protests against those etymologists who, against probability, render words "verminous." Such are they who interpret "Felixstowe" as "Filth Stowe," or "Maiden Lane" as "Midden (dunghill) Lane." In this connection, I have myself ventured protests against the derivation of "Cowslip" from

"Cows' Slop," although championed by Skeat. Psychology is against it. He would be an odd fellow whom the sight of spring flowers put into thoughts of a privy. Ben Jonson's variant of the word, "Lips of Cows," goes some way towards supporting my contention. With regard to "Maiden" and "Midden," Mr. Bayley points out that "Maiden Castle," Edinburgh, is referred to so early as 1150 as "Castellum puellarum." Artists have always evinced an odd propensity for painting young women; and, from tavern signs displaying their heads, adjoining lanes have been christened. In short, paradoxical though it may appear to some, Mr. Bayley associates the "Maidens" of our place names with the ideas of virginity and youth. "The Lost Language of London" abounds in stimulating and suggestive theories. The Britons supposed themselves to be of Trojan stock. Medieval writers name the prehistoric British capital "Troynovant." Mr. Bayley reminds us "it is a pertinent fact that Colchester (the oldest recorded town in Britain) was in Cæsar's time the headquarters of the Trinovantes."

Here are some curious glosses upon place-names. "Twickenham" may commemorate a legend of two fairy kings!

The "Man" whom, with his "Dog," Caliban saw in the moon was originally of the contrary sex. His prototype was the virgin goddess Nehalennia, the British Diana. The Dog likewise was formerly feminine, her greyhound bitch, symbolic of fecundity. The "Man" supplanted the goddess in the moon and appropriated her hound. Let feminists ponder this odious example of male spoliation and tyranny!

Elgin Crescent has seldom been thought one of the more significant European monuments, but a tourist who has studied his Bayley will observe it with interest. "Elle," in Scandinavian, signifies "Fairy" (compare "Elf"). "Gyne" is "Woman," and cognate with the Greek "Gune," and thus the Crescent appears as that of the "Fairy Woman"! A fact that may appeal to some is that the "Lion and the Unicorn" of nursery fable and the "Royal Arms," date back to approximately three thousand five hundred years B.C.!

But I must express something like a feeling of personal indebtedness to this delightful folklorist and philologist for giving me grounds for supposing that Pan, the Hellenic deity of flocks, heights, and waters—Arcadian Pan—was formerly worshipped in Penton Grove!

KENNETH HARE.

Robert Somervell

ROBERT SOMERVELL: For Thirty-Three Years Assistant Master and Bursar at Harrow School. Chapters of Autobiography. Edited with additional material by His Sons. (Faber. 5s.)

THIS memoir confesses itself to be intended for friends of its subject, but a much wider public is bound to find it as pleasurable as it is easy to read.

Robert Somervell was the son of the founder of the firm now known as Somervell Brothers, the manufacturers of " K " shoes, a firm which, in employing more than a thousand persons, is the industrial mainstay of the town of Kendal. Born in 1851, he left school at fifteen, and from that moment till he was twenty-seven he worked in the office of the family business. Then, at the age of twenty-seven, he went to Cambridge as a junior member of King's. After his second term he returned to Kendal and for eighteen months helped the business to make good a loss incurred partly at his instigation. But in October, 1880, by which time he was twenty-nine, he again went to Cambridge, completed his course, and took his degree. After four years as a master at Liverpool College, he was brought to Harrow by Bishop Welldon, who had known him at King's and was now headmaster. He was then thirty-six. A year later he became bursar. Not till thirteen years after that he got a small house, and he was over fifty-two when he entered on the dignities and emoluments of the mastership of a large house. He retired from his mastership at sixty, but retained the bursarship eight years longer. He then retired to Sevenoaks, where he passed the remaining thirteen years of his life. He died last year.

Though ruled by an exceptional sense of duty and high-mindedness, his career is thus seen to have been unremarkable except for the decision he took in his maturity to abandon the business for the academic world. But because taken in his maturity that decision is surely of the highest human interest. To carry it out involved, not only in all probability an ultimate financial sacrifice, but also the exertion of much energy and perseverance. It is ordinary enough for a man to drift out of one occupation into another, but it is rare to find one deliberately changing his course when aware that he must do so at such a price. It is rare and it is dramatic.

For necessarily the decision must have been preceded by a gradual and unusual internal development. If in any respect this little memoir is disappointing, it is that after raising expecta-

tions it says little explicitly of how the change of direction came to be made. The reader is left to imagine what he can from the account of Robert Somervell's growing interest in books during his twelve years of business life and his contacts in the same period with Ruskin and Octavia Hill.

The memoir is made up of fragments of an autobiography left by its subject and of material gathered by his two sons. These, incidentally, can only have benefited by the momentous step resolved upon by their father before they were born. The elder, in addition to being an assistant master at Tonbridge, is the author of "A Short History of Religion" and of "English Thought in the Nineteenth Century." The younger is Sir Donald Somervell, the Solicitor-General. If both sons are responsible for the book, the elder alone has written it. He has done his job with singular economy, competence, and charm.

MONTGOMERY BELGION.

Sound and Furys

THE FURYS. BY JAMES HANLEY. (Chatto & Windus. 10s. 6d.)

MR. HANLEY'S novel has appeared amid a good many alarms and excursions. It has been widely and quite favourably reviewed and its dust cover contains a fulsome extract from an enthusiastic letter from Mr. J. C. Powys to the author. Perhaps the length as much as anything is the cause of this, for there is very little else. A ten-and-sixpenny novel automatically attracts attention, but it could easily have been condensed into an ordinary volume.

It deals with the life of a working class family in a great sea port—fairly obviously, Liverpool—with the troubles of Mrs. Fury and her ex-seaman husband, with Peter, the son who after seven years training as a Catholic priest, is expelled from his college in Ireland, and with the seedy and catty and brutal or merely tedious relatives who hover round. The actual scenes are convincing enough, and some—especially the description of conditions during the General Strike—are quite impressive. But the book remains unsatisfying. There are too many interests in it, and the emphasis on them varies so queerly; character is too often sacrificed to rather long-winded and unnecessary narrative.

The relations between Peter and his mother derive, as one review has already pointed out, from the very similar situation in "Sons and Lovers," and Lawrence did it much better. The trouble is that Mr. Hanley seems to write here always from his head, and the result is that the book reads like an elaborate sketch for a picture rather than the picture itself. The character of Peter, for example, is nothing more than a sketch—it is shadowy and vague, and only coherent because the difficulties are never realized. This sketchiness may be, of course, an attempt at restraint, but the effect certainly remains sketchy in spite of it. And, secondly—a technical point—the dialogue is too often far too erudite and pompous. One can be grateful for the absence of the complicated and tedious dialect which writers of such novels usually inflict upon us, but it is purely unnecessary to react so far, and make the proletariat address each other like dons.

Altogether, the book has a tremendous theme with ample possibilities. But though one feels always that Mr. Hanley has mapped out his material adequately and knows what he is about, one feels very rarely that he has really come to grips with it.

NORMAN LEACH.

Books Recommended

MORALITY AND RELIGION. HENRI BERGSON. (Macmillan. 10s.)

FRANCE IN DANGER. ANDRÉ TARDIEU. (Denis Archer. 15s.)

MILTON. HILAIRE BELLOC. (Cassell. 12s. 6d.)

THE GEORGIAN LITERARY SCENE. FRANK SWINNERTON. (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.)

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN THE WEST HIGHLANDS. SETON GORDON. Illustrated by SIR D. Y. CAMERON. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)

THROUGH THE WEATHER HOUSE. R. A. WATSON WATT. (Peter Davies. 7s. 6d.)

ROBERT SOMERVELL. ASSISTANT MASTER AND BURSAR AT HARROW SCHOOL. Chapters of Autobiography. Edited by his sons. (Faber and Faber. 5s.)

Club Gossip

By Quid Nunc

LONDON is very full of visitors, more than have been here ever before, all attracted by the Jubilee and its many associations of festivity. These visitors —many of them foreigners—have their own way of expressing pleasure and reverence for the British Throne. Americans will vie with Britishers in acclaiming the Royal House, so will French and Italians, and many a dusky-hued son of the East. There are not so many with us who can recall the first Jubilee celebrations of Queen Victoria. The times are much changed, but despite these great changes, the devotion towards and love for the British Royal Family has increased and not diminished. It will be something for future historians to notice.

What England would be without the King and the Royal Family as the fulcrum of the Empire it is difficult to imagine. Other nations, and none too happily, have essayed the change of throwing overboard all semblance of Royalty. We, with our democratic Constitution, are still the envy of the majority of hide-bound Republicans. What is the secret of the British Empire's success and wonderful family unity? The answer is the Throne. And, therefore, to everyone in the land the coming Jubilee has a personal meaning. It is the unity of all classes and creeds in honouring the great ideal of the Empire's existence.

* * *

SUMMER and summer sports are with us. Cricket bats and tennis rackets are being looked over. A bat, like a gun, can have too much or too little oil. Rackets get limp—too limp, indeed—before being restrung, and in consequence even good players can never do themselves justice. In many private houses and week-end resorts where tennis is played the unfortunate guest can never show off his or her best form, because of some defect in the racket. Gut is not only mere gut by a long way, as the fisherman would tell us, and for the tennis expert the best of all gut is Edward's. Now is the time to test that.

* * *

APROPOS of tennis, I know I will be called over the coals if I say that it was to an officer of the 1st Dragoon Guards that the game of "lawn tennis" is really due. Some will aver that tennis is a very ancient ball game, but I am emphatic on this point that the first time the name "Lawn Tennis" appeared in the London Press was in the issue of March 7, 1874, of a Military paper. Therein it was claimed that a Major Wingfield, 1st Dragoon Guards, gave the game its name, and considered that the space required, 20 yards by 10, made it very suitable for a barrack yard and parade ground, and desired its adoption in every barrack square as a relief to the monotony of barrack life.

* * *

BECAUSE Badminton was not a suitable game in the open when there was any wind, Major Wingfield substituted a light ball for the shuttlecock. At any rate the first time the game "Lawn Tennis," so called, was played in

gland was at Prince's Cricket Ground, Hans Place, Brompton, on May 6, 1874, ugh, under the curious name of "Spairistike," the game was played on private unds at Nantclwyd in December of the previous year. And now for tennis otees and historians to prove that the game is as old as the days of Methuselah.

* * *

Y a printer's error the very admirable French Vermouth, "Fontorice," a product of the famous House of Cinzano, was spelt with an "e" where the second " should be. There should be no mistake made about the genuine article, for re is only one "Fontorice," and I have never heard that it has been surpassed. th soda water and a little gin it would revive the whole system on any gruelling in the sun. On a march outside Khartoum last year some "Fontorice" was covered in the officers' mess kit, to the joy of all. I commend it most warmly n ideal summer beverage of refreshment.

* * *

HAVE just been house-furnishing, and I found a treasure in the Mekelite Handy Lamp, suitable for wall, bedrail, table or nightlight, which I obtained n the Mek-Elek Engineering Company, 16, Douglas Street, S.W. Reading-ps are so valuable an item, that it is a pleasure to find one where the combina- of joints enables the light to fall wherever it is required, while the reflector vided shields the eyes from any hurtful glare.

It is not so easy as it may seem to read always in comfort. The old-fashioned krest is out of date. The Mek-Elek firm provides also a book-holder, which be placed exactly where wanted, on the bed, or arm of chair or table. The k is slipped over a centre peg and the reflector throws a clear light on its pages, lamp being shielded from the eyes. In these days of universal electric lighting is one of the best devices I have seen, leaving both hands free to carry on with eal, or smoke, or knit, or remain covered in bed and still able to read in perfect fort. Try, too, a Mekelite mirror with the reflectors throwing the light side- s on to the face. It modernizes at a touch all the practical uses of the old- ioned mirror.

* * *

IUST not forget that one of the State's first duties is to protect its citizens om dangerous diseases the better to ensure a healthy community. Lord naird states that the appeal which the Lock Hospital, now approaching its ntenary of activity, makes, is probably "the most difficult in the world to e." He should know, for he is its Chairman, and last year nearly 200,000 out- nts alone were treated for that "black plague" of suffering humanity, some or other of venereal disease. I make no attempt to disguise what this means. very guilty contractor of these diseases there are often many of innocent raction, and a visit to the children's wards alone should convince and convert most unsympathetic individual of the need of action and the still greater need ancial support, the only possible way "the you's and I's" of the community elp.

The curse of the whole problem is the danger of concealment and the false of fearing that his or her infection may be made public. That false pride een knocked out of all our sailors and soldiers, and hence to-day the Services far fewer patients to deal with than was the case before the war. Some e, over sensitive about their own perfections, deplore the necessity of such an ution, forgetting altogether that it carries on valuable research work,

rescue and after-care work, trains patients for employment, finds them situati teaches practitioners and medical students how best to deal with the evil, endeavours in every way to strike at the root of the trouble. Every understand human being must consider the generation yet unborn if love of country dominates. Then such being the case, it is the duty of all to render such aid they can. Moral preaching is of little avail without practical help.

* * *

SIR KINGSLEY WOOD, the Postmaster-General, writing to Mr. Alfred S to congratulate him on the Jubilee of his "Directory of Telegra Addresses," says that a "telegraphic address has become part of the goodwill business, a medium of publicity and an indication of permanence." He a "It is now over forty years since the Post Office first supplied the official lists which your Directory is compiled," and now the present issue of "Sell's Direc of Registered Telegraphic Addresses" is its fiftieth annual issue—truly a Ju one in a Jubilee year. Begun by the late Mr. Henry Sell, many improvem have been made, and there is information therein of over 100,000 firms in G Britain and Ireland under some 3,500 trade headings. This valuable bo published by Business Dictionaries, Ltd., 8 and 9, Johnson's Court, E.C.4.

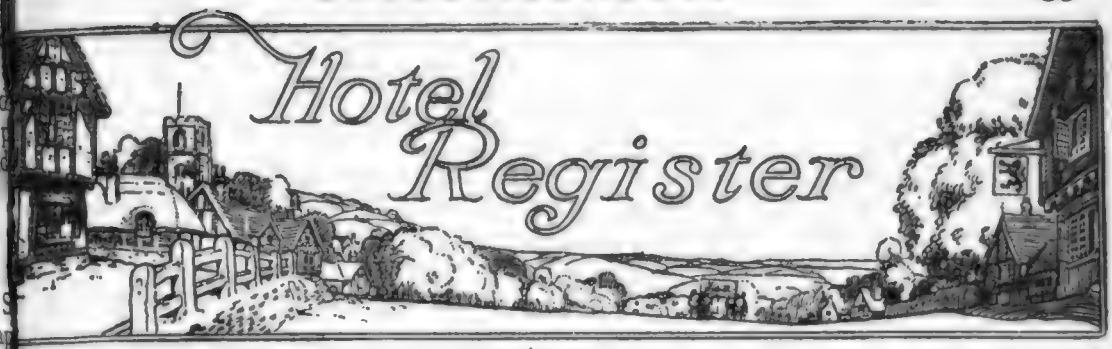
* * *

A FRIEND of mine, writing in the office of one of our leading papers, ju up in alarm the other evening. He had seen a beetle and was frightened Some people are, and I have known a soldier stationed at Khartoum lit tremble at them, where, unfortunately, many beetles exist. Here at beetles are after valuable wood, particularly antique furniture and, of c ancient church buildings. My literary friend asked me to stamp on it. refused to do and let it run away, although probably a parent beetle, into a in the woodwork. I know beetles have sharp and powerful jaws which bor wood, but the remedy—the only effectual one—is to get a tin of Wood Worm the firm of Watco, Ltd., 236–237, Blackfriars Road, S.E., and carry out its directions, and lo and behold! the happy hunting grounds of beetles and watch beetles is rendered immune from their activities.

* * *

HOLIDAYS begin with the commencement of summer time for many wo who are on the early roster of leave. The Canadian Pacific Railway they are ready for the summer holiday cruises. Their 14,600-ton liners com on May 18 cruises of 9, 10, 11 and 13 days' duration at fares less than £1 pe to the Mediterranean, including visits to Algiers, Barcelona, Casablanca, Corunna, Gibraltar, Las Palmas, Lisbon, Madeira, Santander, Tangier, Te Vigo, and other places, right up to the first week in October.

Then the *Empress of Australia* is making special five-day cruises to C and Santander at 7 guineas, commencing in early June, and twenty-o cruises to Russia and the Baltic at the end of June for 34 guineas. What from "the daily round and common task."



LONDON.

AVOY HOTEL, LONDON.
Telephone: Temple Bar 4343.

ICCADILLY HOTEL. Regent 8000. Tels.: Piqudillo. Cabaret and Dancing in Restaurant and Grill. Restaurant Dinner or Supper 10/6. Grill Dinner 7/6 Supper 5/6 or à la carte. Evening Dress not essential in Grill.

OTEL YORK, Berners Street, W.1.
Telephone: Museum 6862-3-4-5.

REAT WESTERN ROYAL HOTEL, Paddington Station, W.2.

INGSLEY HOTEL, Hart Street, W.C.1. Running water in all Bedrooms. Room and Breakfast from 8/6 per night. Phone: Holborn 3646. Tels.: "Bookcraft, London."

HASKERAY HOTEL, Great Russell Street, W.C.1. Facing British Museum. Running water in all Bedrooms. Room & Breakfast from 8/6. 'Phone: Museum 1230.

OYAL COURT HOTEL. Sloane Square, S.W.1. Sloane 9191. Renowned for good Restaurant, 120 rooms with C.Heat.H.&C. water. Fr. 9s. double. Priv. Bath fr. 21s.

MPERIAL HOTEL. Russell Square. 650 Rooms with H.&C. water. Bath and full Breakfast from 9/6, Double 16/6.

ONNINGTON HOTEL, Southampton Row, W.C.1. Running water all Bedrooms. Room and Breakfast from 8s. 6d. Mod. Bd. Terms. 'Phone: Museum 1010.

ORA HOTEL, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Running water all Bedrooms. Room and Breakfast from 8s. 6d. Mod. Bd. Terms. 'Phone: Museum 4472.

WHITE HALL RESIDENTIAL HOTELS LTD.,
92, LANCASTER GATE, W.2.
Overlooking Hyde Park. P.O. Telephone in every Bedroom. Central Heating. Electric Lift. Garage. Terms from £4 4 0 per week. Telephone: Paddington 2251.

4, MONTAGUE STREET, W.C.1.
Large Private Garden. Adjoining British Museum. Central Heating. Passenger Lift. Terms from £3 13 6 per week. Telephone: Museum 4425.

E VERE HOTEL. Kensington, W. Opposite Palace gardens. Moderate charges.

SCOTLAND.

BRIDGE-OF-ALLAN, STIRLINGSHIRE.

LLAN WATER & SPA HOTEL. H. & C. throughout. An ideal all-the-year-round Resort.

CRIEFF.

RUMMOND ARMS HOTEL. On the Great North Road to Scottish Highlands. Tels.: "Premier, Crieff."

SCOTLAND—(*continued*).

GLASGOW.

MORE'S HOTEL. Ideal in every respect. Moderate charges.

GULLANE, N.B. (EAST LOTHIAN).

MARINE HOTEL. Opposite Muirfield Golf Course. Hot and Cold water throughout.

BISSET'S FAMOUS GOLFING HOTEL. Beside Golf Courses. Comfortable. 1st. Cl. Excellent Food. Personal Atten. Illus. Tariff on request. A.A., R.A.C., R.S.A.C. 'Ph. 3.

PERTHSHIRE.

KENMORE HOTEL. Golfing, Tennis, Fishing, Motoring. Restful, bracing.

PITLOCHRY.

ATHOLL PALACE HOTEL. Nine Lawn Tennis Courts. Grounds 46 acres. Garage 80 cars.

IRELAND.

ACHILL ISLAND (Co. Mayo).

THE VALLEY HOUSE. Fully licensed. Own Golf. Tennis. Lake and Sea Fishing. Bathing.

SEASIDE.

BEXHILL-ON-SEA.

HOTEL RIPOSO. Facing Sea. Adjoining Golf Links. Tels.: "Riposo, Bexhill." 'Phone: 472.

NORMANHURST HOTEL. Sea front. Gas fires. Lift. Fully licensed. Night Porter. 'Phone 1661.

GRANVILLE HOTEL. Most centrally situated. Moderate charges. 'Phone 1437.

BIRCHINGTON-ON-SEA, THANET.

BERESFORD HOTEL. Golf, Tennis, Sea-water Baths and Electrical Treatment. 'Phone: Birchington 101.

BOURNEMOUTH.

THE BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO. Hotel comforts. All Hydro baths and treatments. Lift. 'Phone: 341.

GROSVENOR HOTEL. West Cliff. Central heating; h. and c. water all rooms. Tels.: "Grovenotel." 'Phone: 806.

BROCKENHURST.

BROCKENHURST HOTEL. Tel. 74. Away from noise. Every comfort. Excellent cuisine. Chef. 70,000 acres of forest & moorland. Golf, Hunting. Apply Manageress.

SEASIDE—(*continued*).

BRIGHTON.

DUDLEY HOTEL. Adjoining Hove Lawns. Licensed, Lift, Night Porter, H. & C. Water in bedrooms, Central Heating. Bed, Breakfast and Bath 10s. 6d. 'Phone: 4910 Hove. Tels.: Devonian Brighton. Write for tariff, Proprietor.

GRAND HOTEL. Facing sea, covered terrace. Best Family. From 6 guineas week, inclusive.

HOTEL CURZON. Facing sea. Licensed. Quiet. Lift. Moderate terms. 'Phone: 5314 Brighton.

OLD SHIP HOTEL. On the Sea Front. Garage. From 5½ gns. weekly. 'Phone: 2031.

ROYAL CRESCENT HOTEL. Unrivalled situation. Unique marine views. Moderate charges.

BUDE (Cornwall).

MAER LODGE HOTEL (Private). Standing in own grounds. Close sea and adjoining Golf Links. Central Heating. H. & C. running water in all Bedrooms. Recommended Winter Residence. 'Phone: Bude 206.

BURNHAM-ON-SEA.

BURNHAM GOLF HOTEL. Close to Famous Links. H. & C. water. Garages. Tennis. 'Phone 142.

DARTMOUTH (Devon).

THE RALEIGH HOTEL. First-class Family. R.A.C. and A.A. Hot and Cold water in all rooms. 'Phone 44.

EASTBOURNE.

ANGLES PRIVATE HOTEL. Sea front. 128 Bedrooms. Dance room. Billiards. Resident Propr. 'Phone: 311.

SUSSEX HOTEL. Cornfield Terrace. Grill room. 'Phone: 362.

HOWARD HOUSE HOTEL (Private). Ideal position. 1 min. Sea; Devonshire Park. 'Phone 846.

FALMOUTH (South Cornwall).

FALMOUTH HOTEL. The Finest Hotel on the Cornish Coast. Due South. Sea front. Picturesque scenery. Moderate Tariff. R. J. S. Fields, Manager.

GREENBANK HOTEL. First Class, situated immediately on the water's edge. Overlooking the lovely Harbour, St. Mawes and Pendennis Castles.

FISHGUARD, PEM.

FISHGUARD BAY HOTEL. Adjoining Harbour. 40 bedrooms.

FOWEY (Cornwall).

ST. CATHERINE'S HOTEL. Unique position. Facing Sea. Unlicensed. 27 Bedrooms.

FOLKESTONE.

AVONDALE HOTEL. On sea front facing South. From 3½ guineas. 'Phone 3730. Props., Mr. and Mrs. W. Meadmore.

SEASIDE—(*continued*).

HASTINGS & ST. LEONARDS.

ADELPHI HOTEL. 100 rooms. H. & C. running wat[er] C. Heating, licensed. From 11/6 daily incl. Garag[e]

ALBANY HOTEL. A. A. & R. A. C. Fir[st] position on front.

THE NEW QUEEN'S HOTEL. Leading and be[st] Moderate charges.

YELTON PRIVATE HOTEL. 50 rooms. Next door [to] Pavilion. Opposite Pier. From 3 gns. Tel.: 61[4]

HOVE—BRIGHTON.

ST. CATHERINE'S LODGE HOTEL, Kingsway. Fac[ing] Sea. H. & C. running water. 50 rooms. Moder[ate] terms. 'Phone: 3404 Hove. Tel.: "Cheerful," Brighto[n]

HUNSTANTON-ON-SEA.

LE STRANGE ARMS AND GOLF LINKS HOTEL. C[lose] sea. Own Golf Course free. 'Phone: 10.

GOLDEN LION HOTEL. Opposite Pier. 'Phone [2] Hot water in bedrooms. Hard Tennis Courts.

LITTLEHAMPTON.

BEACH HOTEL. Ideal situation facing the So[uth] and overlooking sea.

NEWQUAY.

WATERGATE BAY HOTEL (Near Newquay). Fi[rst] position on coast. Everything excellent. 'Phone: [4]

PAIGNTON

REDCLIFFE HOTEL. Best position on sea front. H. [&] water. Central Heating. 'Phone 82533.

PENARTH.

(10 minutes Cardiff.)

ESPLANADE HOTEL. Facing Sea and Pier. H. [&] water in Bedrooms. Excellent Cooking and W[ine] Special Residential Terms. 'Phone: 657 & [6] A. E. King, Resident Owner.

RYDE, I.O.W.

ROYAL ESPLANADE HOTEL. Facing Sea and P[ier] Tels.: "Band," Ryde. 'Phone: 293.

ST. ANNES-ON-THE-SEA.

GRAND HOTEL. Close to Golf Club and ope[n] swimming bath. 'Phone: 55.

SEASIDE—(*continued*).

ST. IVES (Cornwall).

REGENNA CASTLE HOTEL. 75 bedrooms. 100 acres grounds.

HOTEL CHY-AN-ALBANY. A.A., R.A.C. Overlooking Bay. Near Beach, Tennis, Golf. 100 Guests. 'Phone: 59.

SHALDON (S. Devon).
(Near Torquay. Near Teignmouth.)

RUNNORE HOTEL. A really First Class Hotel, with all modern conveniences. 'Phone: Shaldon 2.

SHANKLIN, I.O.W.

ROYAL SPA HOTEL. Only Hotel on sea front. Terms moderate. Officially appointed A.A. & R.A.C. 'Phone: 67

SIDMOUTH.

BELMONT HOTEL. First-class. Overlooking Sea. Lift. Running water and Radiators in Bedrooms.

BARTFIELD HOTEL. Modern. Overlooking Sea. Lift. Running water and Radiators. Garage.

VICTORIA HOTEL. First Class. Overlooking Sea. Lift. Running Water and Radiators. Lock-up Garage.

SOUTHPORT.

VICTORIA HOTEL. First-class Family. Lifts. Garage. Running water in all Rooms. En Pension from 15s.

TORQUAY.

ARGYLL HALL PRIVATE HOTEL. Overlooking Bay. Magnificent view. Excellent cuisine. For en Pension terms, apply Proprietor. 'Phone: 2268.

GRAND HOTEL. First Class. Best position. Sea Front. Golf 18 holes, Tennis, Squash, etc., free.

NORNE HOTEL, TORQUAY.
Facing full South and the Sea. Away from all noise and traffic. Fully licensed. Garage for 50 Cars. Illustrated Brochure from Manager.

PARK COURT HOTEL. Level. Sea Front. Fully Licensed. H. & C. Every Modern Comfort. Terms Moderate.

ST. BEDFORD PRIVATE HOTEL. Central & restful. Good cuisine. Inclusive from 3 gns. weekly. 'Phone: 3502.

VENTNOR, I.O.W.

ARLINGTON HOTEL. First-class. Facing Sea. Central Heating. Garage. From 9s. per day. 'Phone: 123.

WALMER.

THE FAIR MAID OF KENT HOTEL. H. & C. running water all Bedrooms. Moderate terms. 'Phone 252. Deal.

SEASIDE—(*continued*).

WESTWARD HO!

GOLDEN BAY HOTEL. Leading N. Devon Hotel. Facing sea & famous Golf Links. Large garage. 'Phone: 14.

SPAS AND HYDROS.

BATH.

GRAND PUMP ROOM HOTEL. Lifts. Central heating. Intercommunication with Corporation bath. Tel.: "Pumpotel."

SPA HOTEL. Running H. & C. water and Radiators all rooms. Nine acres. Lift. Orchestra. Own Garage. The quietest hotel position in Bath. Telephone 4224–5. Telegrams: "Spaotel, Bath."

BUXTON.

SPA HOTEL. 240 rooms. H. & C. Water and Radiators. Garage. Tels.: "Comfortable."

EASTBOURNE.

HYDRO HOTEL, SOUTHCLIFF. Facing sea and Beachy Head. South aspect. Ballroom. 'Phone: 643.

HARROGATE.

THE CAIRN HYDRO. Luxurious accommodation for 300 guests. Write for illustrated Brochure.

HARROGATE HYDRO. Ideal situation. Accommodation 300. Lift. H. & C. all rooms. Tariff on request. Established 1878.

LEAMINGTON SPA.

ALKERTON PRIVATE HOTEL. South aspects. Comfortable. Moderate Tariff. Garage. R.A.C. 'Phone 510.

MATLOCK.

CHATSWORTH HYDRO. Glorious situation. Nearest Moors and Golf Links. Lift. A.A., R.A.C. 'Phone 9.

SMEDLEY'S.—Gt. Britain's Greatest Hydro, Matlock. For Health, Rest or Pleasure, 270 Bedrooms, grounds 10 acres. Inclusive terms from 13s. per day. Illustrated Prospectus free.

THE LILYBANK HYDRO. R.A.C. Appointed Hotel. Accommodation, 130 Visitors. 6 acres of pleasure gardens. Sun lounge, "Vita" glass. H. and C. water in all bedrooms. Lift. From £3 10s. per week.

WOODHALL SPA.

EAGLE LODGE HOTEL. Fully licensed. Garage.

PROVINCIAL TOWNS AND COUNTRY.

AYLESBURY (Bucks).

BULL'S HEAD HOTEL. 15th-Century Hostelry. Well known to Motorists. Luncheons. Garage. 'Phone 120.

BEAULIEU, NEW FOREST.

MONTAGU ARMS. 12 miles from Southampton. Thoroughly up-to-date Country Hotel, Oak-panelled, Furnished as Gentleman's Country House. Sunny, warm winter climate. Every Comfort in beautiful setting. Private Suites. Comfortable Lounge. Central Heating. Hot and Cold water in Bedrooms. Electric Light. Garages.

CARDIFF.

ROYAL HOTEL. Close to station. First-class. H. & C. water in Bedrooms. Grill room. Motor omnibus.

CIRENCESTER.

(The town with the sporting atmosphere.)

KING'S HEAD HOTEL. R.A.C., A.A.*** Excellent cuisine. Specially reduced terms for winter months to suit present conditions. H. & C. running water in bedrooms. Hunting, Golf, Tennis (6 hard courts), Squash, Bowls. 'Phone 55.

ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

ROYAL OAK HOTEL, KESWICK-ON-DERWENT-WATER. 70 Bedrooms with H. & C. running water and some with private baths. Suites, Dance Room, Palm Lounge, Lift. Write for Tariff. Telephone 23 and 238.

THE KESWICK HOTEL. First-class. Centre English Lakes. Elec. Lift & Light. Cent. Htg. 'Phone: 20 Keswick.

ARMATHWAITE HALL HOTEL. All modern comforts Elec. Lift & Light. 'Phone: 20 Bassenthwaite Lake. Proprs.: J. & M. Wivell & Son.

LEWES.

WHITE HART HOTEL. 14th Century. Write for illustrated brochure and Tariff. Hunters & Hacks.

MORETONHAMPSTEAD (Devon).

MANOR HOUSE HOTEL. 200 acres of Park and Pleasure Grounds. Tennis. Croquet. Golf.

PROVINCIAL TOWNS AND COUNTRY —(*continued*).

PATTERDALE.

ULLSWATER HOTEL. Overlooking Lake. Every Comfort. Free Fishing. Tennis. 'Phone: Glenridding 27.

SALISBURY.

CATHEDRAL HOTEL. Fully licensed. A.A., R.A.C. Lift. Rng. h. & c. softened water & radiators in bedrooms. 'Phone: 399 & 830. Props.: Capt. & Mrs. Gilbert King.

WELLS.

SWAN HOTEL. Facing the Cathedral. Garage. Electric Light. Hot and Cold running water. 'Phone: Wells 2.

WITLEY (Surrey).

PINEHURST HEIGHTS HOTEL. Once the home of George Eliot. 3 minutes Witley Station (S. Rly.). Sunny dry climate. Pines, Golf, Tennis. H. & C. water in Bedrooms. R.A.C. A.A. Apply Tariff. Res. Proprs.: Mr. & Mrs. J. T. Hollowell.

WINCHESTER.

GEORGE HOTEL. A.A. appointed. For comfort and good food. 'Phone: 491.

NORTH WALES.

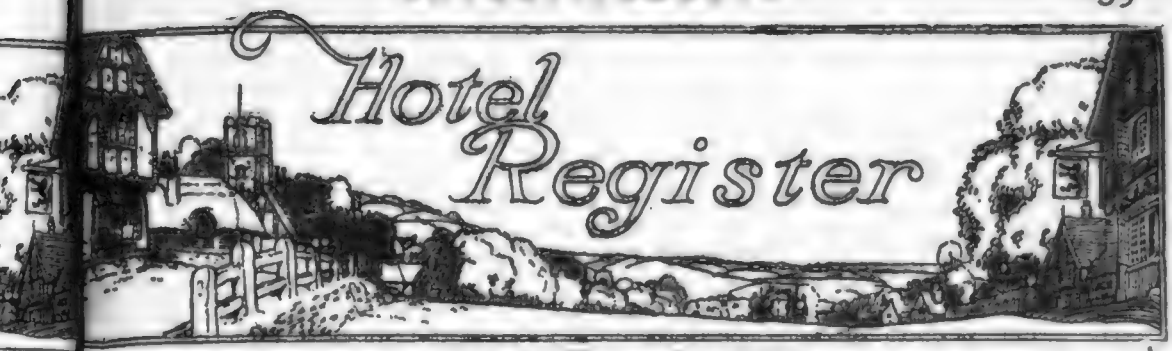
BAY HOTEL, RHOSNEIGR. Facing the sea. Excellent Cuisine. First-class Golf. Tennis, Boating, Bathing, Fishing, Dancing. Fully licensed. Electric light throughout. H. & C. water in all rooms. A.A., R.A.C. Telephone: 7.

BANGOR CASTLE HOTEL. 40 Bedrooms with H. & C. water and Central Heating. Oak Lounges, Ball Room. French Chef, Service Garage. Moderate Tariff.

INDIA.

SAVOY HOTEL, Mussoorie.

CARLTON HOTEL, Lucknow.



CONTINENTAL HOTELS

FRANCE.

MENTONE.

HOTEL CÔTE D'AZUR (Eng. Propr.). Central, near Sea. Every modern comfort. Moderate terms.

SWITZERLAND.

AXENSTEIN.

GRAND HOTEL—PARK HOTEL. On Lake Lucerne. Golf, Swimming Pool. Tennis. Orchestra. Pension terms: **GRAND** from 14.50, **PARK** 10 francs.

ENGADINE.

ALOJA PALACE. Grandest Swiss Alpine Centre.
Mountaineering, Golf, Lawn Tennis.
Boating, Bathing, Trout Fishing.
Theatre, Ball Rooms and Lounge.
All winter sports at their best.
Illustrated booklet post free.

SWITZERLAND—(*continued*).

CLARENS—MONTREUX.

Centre for all excursions and sports, **THE GRAND HOTEL LE CLARENS.** Ideal situation. 10s. daily inclusive.

ST. GALL.

HOTEL WALHALLA-TERMINUS. Georges E. Stüheli. Up-to-date. Tels.: "Walhalla, St. Gall." Garage.

BELGIUM.

BRUGES.

HEMELING PALACE HOTEL. Grand Place, nr. famous Belfry. Modern. Rooms with private bathroom.

GERMANY.

WIESBADEN.

HOTEL NIZZA, Wiesbaden. Prop.: E. Uplegger. Near Casino and English Church. Moderate terms.

EDUCATIONAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

BOYS.

BETHANY SCHOOL, GOUDHURST, KENT. Education thorough; Situation ideal; Sports, Swimming, Scouts. Evangelical tone. 100 boys, 8 to 18. Founded 1866. Fees £72 per year.

CHURCHER'S COLLEGE, PETERSFIELD. Boys 10 to 18. Fees from £72. Public School Education; leaving Exhibitions; O.T.C.; Swimming Bath; Separate Preparatory School.

CLAYESMORE SCHOOL, WINCHESTER. Small Public School for boys. Special individual attention. Splendid grounds and playing fields.

BOYS.

A pioneer school in modern educational method. Moderate fees. Headmaster: Aubrey de Sélincourt, M.A.

HERNE BAY COLLEGE, KENT. School and Higher Certificate. Mechanical Engineering. O.T.C. 120 guineas.

LADYCROSS, SEAFORD, SUSSEX. First-Class R.C. School for Public Schools and R.N. Ideal Buildings. Private Chapel. Teaching by modern individual methods. Many Scholarships gained. For Prospectus, etc., apply Headmaster.

EDUCATIONAL ANNOUNCEMENTS—*cont.*

BOYS.

MALSIS PREPARATORY SCHOOL, CROSS HILLS, YORKSHIRE. Boys 7–14. Special features in addition to usual preparation for Public Schools. For Prospectus apply Headmaster.

SANDBACH SCHOOL, CHESHIRE. Founded 1677; Endowed School for boys 8–18; Playing Fields, about 18 acres. Swimming Bath. Fees £69 per annum. Apply Headmaster.

ST. COLUMBA'S COLLEGE, RATHFARNHAM, Co. DUBLIN. Public School (Church of Ireland). Beautifully situated Dublin mountains. Fees £100. Entrance Scholarships June.

THE GRANGE, BECKENHAM, KENT. Preparatory for all Public Schools. Careful individual training. Extensive Sports ground in open country. Unsurpassed health record. Prospectus, book of Views, &c., from Headmaster.

Special Tuition.

CRANEMOOR, CHRISTCHURCH, HANTS. Healthy coaching for Matriculation and all examinations under best possible conditions. New Forest and sea, riding and games. F. Pettipher, B.Sc.

GIRLS.

CHALFONT LODGE, GERRARD'S CROSS, BUCKS. Matriculation. Riding. Good health record.

DUNARDARIGH, NORTH BERWICK. Inspected and recognized by Education Department. Preparation for Examinations. Special attention to health. Situated near Sea and Golf Links. Moderate Fees.

GIRLS.

THE LAURELS, RUGBY. Established 1872. Recognized by the B. of E. Private Boarding School. Graduate Staff. Preparation for University Entrance Examinations. Excellent health and games record. A few scholarships available.

VYNE STRATTON, MICHELDEVER. Residential School. Univ. of Lond., and college entrance exams. Scholarships available (£30 to £60). Beautiful home and grounds: (260 acres). Apply to the Head Mistress.

UPPER CHINE, SHANKLIN, I.W. Appvd. Board of Education. Ages 5-19. Entire charge. Preparation all Exams.

CO-EDUCATIONAL.

KING'S LANGLEY PRIORY, HERTS. A School for Boys and Girls based upon the educational principles of Dr. Rudolf Steiner.

MISS M. PUTTICK'S CHILDREN'S CLASSES
(Girls from 4 to 14, Boys from 4 to 9 years)
2 BEDFORD GARDENS, KENSINGTON, W.8.
In this sunny house children are taught by modern methods, to see, learn and admire. Great attention is paid to standard subjects, languages, etc. Visual Education by means of the Cinema, nature study from living things, organized games, rhythmic movement, children's library. Illustrated prospectus on application. Phone: Park 6709.

ADVICE ON EDUCATION.

Through personal visits of inspection the Director of

COOK'S SCHOLASTIC SERVICE is able to give expert advice on the choice of a school for your child. Consultations in person or by post without fee or obligation. Address: Cook's Scholastic Service, Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., 45 Berkeley Street, London, W.1.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

29th Year of Publication

Edited by DOUGLAS JERROLD

CONTENTS, JUNE, 1935.

Correspondence	*N. O. Brandes*
Current Comments	*Douglas Jerrold*
China's Opium and Drugs Traffic	*J. O. P. Bland*
John Fisher	*G. C. Heseltine*
Poem : Diffugere Nives	*Kenneth Hare*
W. B. Yeats	*Seán O'Faoláin*
France and the Crisis	*John Bell*
The Ruin of State Subsidies	*V. A. Malcolmson*
The Service of Miss Eyles	*Nigel Balchin*
Japanese Rights in Manchoukuo	*H. Vere Redman*
The Douglas Social Credit Scheme	*Richard R. Ford*
A Countryman's Diary	*A. G. Street*
Foreign Affairs	*Sir Charles Petrie*

Literary Supplement : *Hugh Kingsmill ; Hesketh Pearson ; William King ; Lord Iddesleigh ; Horace Wyndham ; Brian Lunn ; Douglas Golding ; Osbert Burdett ; Montgomery Belgion.*

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE WELCOMED AND SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR ACCOMPANIED BY A STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION 14/- POST FREE TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE (PUBLISHERS) LIMITED

6, GREAT NEW STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4.

Correspondence

The Herring Industry

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—I have read so much about the Government's help for the herr industry, which is in a very distressing state. I have also read the differ advices given by the so-called herring experts of which the newspapers are f with various reports and opinions, good ones and bad ones, also indifferent o I hear of great praise of the honourable gentlemen who headed the Inqu Commission, and also of those who are now entrusted to be the Fuehrer of t herring schemes, setting the herring industry on a proper foundation and hel the people who work in the herring industry to a life of peace and plenty. bless their hearts and souls for their willingness to help their brothers in dis in particular, and the country's herring industry in general. But with all respect to the gentlemen experts and advisers of the Herring Commission, I afraid that it will be a waste of money and the time spent in spending the Gove ment's subsidy.

I have noticed for years that any and all other fish have been and are advertised—fish like cod, haddock, plaice, halibut especially. This is not bec that kind of fish is more nourishing; no, only because there is less work atta to cooking it than the less bothered with but very nourishing herring. Ex for the few lonely posters of the marketing boards which were displayed a years ago, there has been no other effort to advertise and to enlighten the w and mothers of the British nation as to the value of the herring as a food whatever form, either cooked, fresh or pickled, or to tell people that it is worth the little time and extra trouble it takes in preparing it for a healthy good and cheap meal for their husbands and children.

The British people spend a terrible lot of money on so-called fish (I m fried fish) because most of the women nowadays are too d—— lazy to bother cooking. Even the poor class will spend 6*d.* or 1*s.* for a couple of fish and c If the very same people could have seen the kind of cat-fish and other kin fish used for frying, and seldom very fresh, they certainly would not smack lips and grin for happiness, thinking it is not worth the bother of cooking there are fried fish shops on nearly every corner of the streets. Thank Go the fried fish shops they say. And the little girls follow their mothers' foots and always rejoice when their mothers send them to the next corner sho some 2*d.* and 3*d.* bits of fish for each person's tea or supper. But very se do they see their mothers frying up a dishful of chipped potatoes and some fresh herring dipped in flour, so that everybody in the family sees it and k

FORWARD IS OUR WATCHWORD

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

have the proud record of having passed through their Homes and Training Ship

33,000 POOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

1,100 CHILDREN ARE ALWAYS BEING MAINTAINED.

This smiling, happy boy is one of the Society's 1,100 Children

These children are being so trained that they may become good and useful men and women, and well fitted for any positions they may be called upon to occupy

PLEASE SEND A DONATION TO-DAY

SO THAT THIS GREAT WORK MAY GO FORWARD

and enable us to pass another 33,000 through our doors.

(ANNUAL EXPENDITURE, £65,000)

164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

THE PRESIDENT : H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, recently said : "I do commend this Institution to the Public for their continued assistance and I would remind them that it is supported by voluntary contributions."

"TRUTH"

Grows Better Than Ever

ITS outspoken comments are always valuable to those who desire to keep pace with public affairs. And, of course, the value of its enlightened and critical survey of all Investments of importance is inestimable.

Then there are the authoritative articles by writers of distinction on Politics, Sport, Music, Art, the Theatre, Books and Motoring; the typical diary by the New Pepys, a Queer Story and exposures of all kinds of frauds.

Altogether, the journal—quite apart from its high literary standing—is necessary to everyone who needs an adequate survey of the movements of men and affairs.

NINEPENCE EVERY WEDNESDAY

Obtainable at all booksellers, or from

THE MANAGER, Truth Buildings, Carteret Street, London, S.W.1

by postal subscription at the following rates :

3 months, 10s. 10d. 6 months, £1 1s. 8d. 12 months, £2 3s. 4d.

what it consists of, and every one of them has a good helping of real health-g food for very little money. But no, it is too old-fashioned, they say, and there are too many bones in the herring, and that the children don't like it. that is not true. It is the fault of the mother or the wife who is too lazy to and to remove the herring bones, and so the women feed their families on a mysterious tit-bits at the most popular place in the town—the fried fish Yes, these people will pay *2d.* for potato crisps, but do not care for fresh herring even at a *1d.* each. But when they go to the picture theatres and se smart and sturdy young men of the Aran Island or of Galway, West Ireland, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Holland, Poland, Russia—yes, all these peopl and enjoy eating herring in various ways. The reason for it is because the mo and wives over there look upon cooking as an art and loving duty, and do mind the extra time and work it takes to prepare to cook it, so long as it is and nourishing for their families. Also the children can be taught to be ca and to mind the herring bones, just as they are told to be careful with the st of cherries and plums and other things, and so long as they see their mot fathers and others eating herring without passing remarks, they too will eat enjoy it.

I do say that the herring industry can be made a success with the right m of enlightenment, but I can assure Sir Arnold T. Wilson that his advice tha herring should be pushed on to the workhouses and barracks, and also tha fried fish shops should take it up, will not be of much use or help, as the he are not of much use to a fried fish shop proprietor, who wants a lot of profit a little work as possible. So cat-fish or other boneless lumps of mysterious is preferable to them.

I have yet to see the English herring given publicity on the menus of English hotels, whereas they are all advertising cod, halibut and other myste things with French names. It is, I presume, below the dignity of a respect English hotel to bother with English herring.

Yours faithfully,

N. O. BRANDE

a memento of the occasion, gifts will be acknowledged a multi-coloured receipt (illustrated above), size x 10", beautifully printed on ivory cards bearing the traits of Their Majesties The King and Queen.

se address your gifts to The Earl of Granard, The cer Hospital (free), Fulham Road, London, S.W.3, marking your envelope, "Silver Jubilee."

WILL you please send a special Gift to the Silver Jubilee Thanksgiving Fund for The Cancer Hospital (free), Fulham Road, London, S.W.3, and so help on its two-fold work—the treatment of patients suffering from Cancer, and Research into the causes of this dreadful disease and means for its ultimate cure.

NOW ON SALE

FASCIST QUARTERLY Vol. 1 No. 2

2/6

Notes of the Quarter - - - Editorial
Speech to National Council of Corporations - - - - - Benito Mussolini
World Philosophy and Foreign Politics - Alfred Rosenberg
Fascism and War - - - - Maj.-Gen. J. F. C. Fuller
Agriculture in Britain - - - T. L. Butler
The Causes of Breakdown - - - W. J. Leaper
The Decline of Feudalism - - - E. D. Hart
Two Years of N. R. A. - - - R. Gordon-Canning
Why Fascism? - - - - - A. Raven Thomson

BOOK REVIEWS: The Co-operative Movement in Italy. The Birth of Fascism. The Essentials of Anti-Semitism. CORRESPONDENCE: Maj.-Gen. Fuller on the Jews.

THREE CARTOONS BY J'ACCUSE

ALL NEWSAGENTS AND BOOKSELLERS or B.U.F. PUBLICATIONS LTD. LONDON, S.W.3

SHEED & WARD

A. Fanfani

CATHOLICISM, PROTESTANTISM AND CAPITALISM

6s. net. Ready shortly.

A full, fair and learned survey of the whole problem of the relation between Capitalism and Christianity, and of the origins of the former.

Christopher Dawson

RELIGION AND THE MODERN STATE

6s. net. Ready shortly.

A penetrating discussion of the new situation of religion in face of the present conflicts between Socialism and Fascism and between the new dictatorships and parliamentary democracy.

Arnold Lunn

A SAINT IN THE SLAVE TRADE: PETER CLAVER

6s. net.

". . . this book is not only to the praise of a saint, but to the destruction of folly . . . you read without interruption, or rather you watch a battle."—*Sunday Times.*

Alfred Noyes

THE UNKNOWN GOD

7s. 6d. net.

"No finer work of apologetic has been produced in our generation, no writing that so makes manifest the richness and the magnitude of our heritage in Christ, or which gives us in its fulness all that non-Christian poets and philosophers and scientists have striven for with much meagre success."—*The Month.*

Richard Lawrence Smith

JOHN FISHER AND THOMAS MORE: TWO ENGLISH SAINTS

With a Foreword by His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster.

6s. net.

Written by the Vice-Rector of the English College, Rome, this book can claim to be authoritative, since it is translated into Italian for distribution to high officials of Church and State at the time of the Canonization. But in it learning is the servant, not the shroud, of vivid portraiture.

31 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.4